

The ROTARIAN

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AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE.

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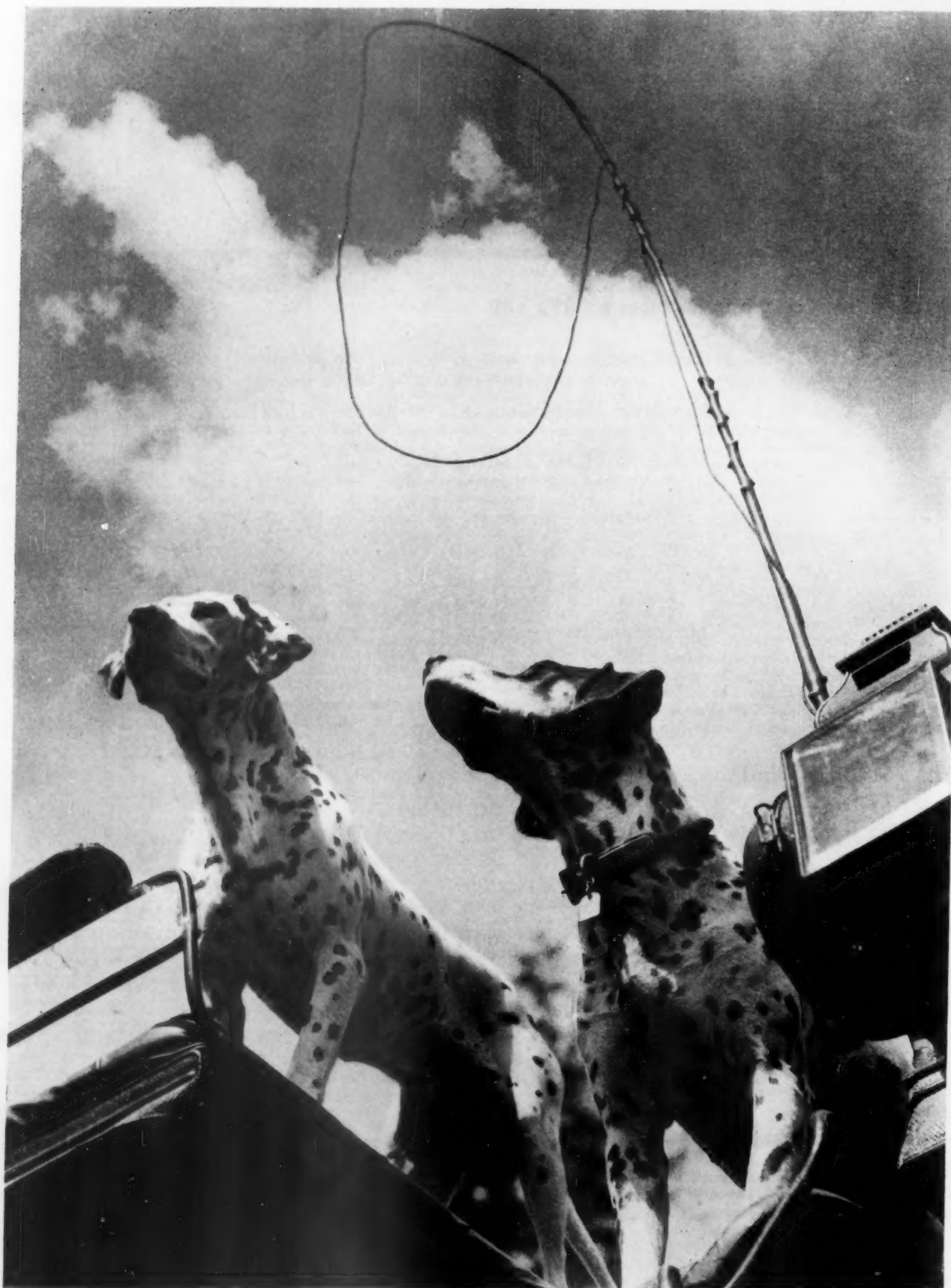


Photo: Lambert from Black Star

While the Master Sups Camera Study by Harold M. Lambert

Can a Rotarian Grow Old?

By **Joseph E. Pooley**

Rotary Club of Madison, New Jersey

ROTARIANS, like anyone else, continue to have birthdays. By its very rules their organization draws from the maturer ranks of men and, once one is in Rotary, there is the gripping tendency to remain. The average roster of the average Club founded 10 or 15 years ago finds the core about the same, with its Jims, Charleys, and Bucks 10 or 15 years older.

Physically, the years have taken their toll. The hair is grayer or sparser; the shoulders less erect, eyeglasses more prevalent, girths increased by several inches, jowls heavier, and the arteries harder. Psychologically, reaction time has been increased; coördination of mind and muscle less exact. In the case of the older men, perception and apperception are slightly dulled. The younger third could say to the older two thirds (though kindness would restrain the utterance), "You're over the hill, brother, over the hill."

What effect has this age increase upon the thinking of Rotarians in general? Does it make them reactionary in politics, conservative in economics, cynical or at best skeptical of social reform, smug in business, clinging to old forms simply because they are old and fearful of any adventure?

Would there not seem to be some logic in the following argument? Rotary is made up of Rotarians. Rotarians grow old. When Rotarians grow old, they assume the characteristics of the aged. . . .

That is the logic of materialism and the reasoning of crass realism. It is the base upon which mere prudence is founded, which, as Emerson says, "is a devotion to matter as if we possessed no other faculties than the palate, the nose, the touch, the eye, and the ear; a prudence which adores the Rule of Three, which never subscribes, which gives never, which lends seldom, and asks of any project but one question: Will it bake bread?"

Rotary isn't prudent, it is profligate. It always subscribes, cannot exist without giving, is always ready to lend a hand, and crowns all this with the question: Is service above self? It is the intangible in Rotary that is the vital thing.

Such intangibles are not concerned with time. Age becomes meaningless in the face of eternal values. The Hermes of Praxiteles is as beautiful now as it was when it was first created in the 4th Century B.C. Beauty, truth, love of one's fellows, are timeless. To be sure, beauty is expressed through material things like marble, bars of music, or words upon a printed page. Rotary is expressed through Rotarians who are "glad instruments" of an ideal.

To assume that men activated by a great cause take

Gray hair and lines about the eyes . . . Yes, but what of that if a man's zest for friendship and unselfish service flames strong?

on the "characteristics of the aged" is a false assumption. History gives this statement the lie. At 77, Benjamin Franklin attended Montgolfier's first balloon experiments, when some scoffer remarked, "What is the use of a balloon?"

"What," replied Franklin, "is the use of a new-born baby?"

It is hard to think of growth except in terms of months and years. But there are forms of growth which cannot be measured by the calendar. In fact, the kind of growth which concerns a Rotarian most is not to be calculated by the hour glass—growth in capacity for friendship, tolerance, and understanding. Men, like wine, take on a finer flavor with the years. A ripe experience leads to a deeper understanding. The hot petulance of youth may impel a man to "deeds of daring rectitude," but it takes experience in the rough and tumble of business and professional life to look with "scorn for miserable aims that end in self."

To increase our tolerance, to open wider the windows of our understanding through broader contacts—surely these are no part of the disintegration we think of when we talk of growing old. Rotary proves the contacts and from them a Rotarian grows more sympathetic toward the points of view that differ from his own.

Growth of this kind cannot come too fast in these days of billion-dollar armaments. If this old world could but enter into a race for tolerance and understanding, how much more rapidly we could settle our difficulties!

BUT what of men in our own time who grew stronger as they grew older because they followed some gleam? Before our eyes has passed a galaxy of those who, after 50—that old age of youth and youth of old age—have been most powerful and creative . . . Gladstone, Shaw, Clemenceau, Eliot, Edison, Ford, Mr. Justice Holmes—to mention but a few.

All these have been relentlessly pursuing some quest just out of reach; all glad instruments for the realization of some cause outside themselves. Age has no meaning for such men.

The essential heart of a Rotarian cannot be weakened by a hardening of the coronary artery. If he can withstand a blow even on the third chin and come back smiling; if his eyes, long since bespectacled, still see their opportunities for service; and if his hand, a bit tremulous, perhaps, still grasps each opportunity—a Rotarian can't grow old.



Men Must *Make* Peace

By **José Ortega y Gasset**

Distinguished Spanish Philosopher and Critic

MY Esteemed Sir: There are two ways to do things: one is to do them thoroughly and seriously, with a deep sense of responsibility and concern for the success of the venture; the other is to do them because other people do, with little giving of oneself. This leads to apathy, to lack of attention to the significance of the task.

There are pacifists who belong to this second category. They have made themselves pacifists just as they could have made themselves anything else. The pacifist movement passed their way and they joined it just as one boards a streetcar.

But you, dear sir, are a pacifist in the strong and authentic way. Pacifism has been the faith of your life and you are alert to anything which may affect it. For that reason, perhaps you will listen with interest to these observations of one who has not participated in your movement, but who watches it with respect and concern.

There are, indeed, many forms of pacifism. The only thing they have in common is something very vague—the belief that war is an evil, coupled to which is the ambition to eliminate it as a medium of dealings between men. But pacifists begin to differ as soon as they take the next immediate step and ask themselves to what extent the disappearance of wars is possible. Finally, the divergence reaches its widest spread when they start to consider the means required for the restoration of peace on this pugnacious globe. Perhaps a study of pacifism's various forms would be much more useful than one would suspect. From it would emerge no little clarity.

It is a generally recognized fact that that pacifism on which certain nations—their Governments and public

Not through wishful thinking is war to end, insists the author—and tells why in this letter he inscribes 'To a Sincere Pacifist.'

opinion—embarked 20 years ago has failed. Which signifies that that pacifism was an error, a grave error in estimating the possibilities of peace which the present world offers and in determining the conduct of those who might pretend to be real peace-seekers.

But I am not suggesting anything which may lead to discouragement. On the contrary, why be discouraged? Perhaps the only two things to which man has no right whatever are wanton audacity and its opposite, discouragement. There is never sufficient reason either for the one or for the other. Enough to observe this strange mystery of human nature: that a situation as negative and as frustrating as is the commitment of an error can be converted magically into a new victory for man only through recognizing it. Recognition of an error is in itself a new truth.

In contradiction to what habitual moaners would believe, every error becomes an estate which increases our assets. Instead of weeping over it, we should hasten to exploit it. To do this we must resolve to study it thoroughly, uncover its roots unmercifully, and build energetically the new conception of things which this gives us. I presume that some of the pacifists I have mentioned are preparing now to rectify serenely but decidedly the great error which their peculiar pacifism has represented for a score of years and to substitute another more sagacious and efficient one for it.

The pacifist sees war as an evil, a crime, or a vice. But he forgets that before and above that, war is an

enormous effort put forth by men to solve certain conflicts. War is not an instinct, but an invention. It is unknown to animals and is purely a human institution, like science or administration. It led to one of the greatest discoveries, the basis of all civilization—the discovery of discipline. All other forms of discipline are products of the original one, which was military discipline. All pacifism is lost or becomes bigotry if it does not bear in mind that war is an extraordinary and formidable technic and not principally a technic of death, but a high technic of life and for life.

LIKE every historic form, war has two aspects: the one it has at the time of invention and the other it has at the time of being surpassed. When invented, it signified an inestimable progress. Today, when we aspire to surpass it, we only catch a view of its soiled back, its horror, its coarseness, its insufficiency. In the same way, without due reflection, we are wont to curse slavery, not recognizing the marvellous advancement it represented when invented. Because it had formerly been the custom to kill all parties conquered, he was a benefactor of humanity who first figured that instead of killing prisoners it would be better to preserve their lives and benefit from their labor. Auguste Comte, who had a great human sense—in other words, a sense of the historic—recognized the institution of slavery in such a light.

It is up to us to generalize this warning, learning to look at all human things along this twofold perspective—that is, the way they look when arriving, and the way they look when departing. The Romans, with their delicate sense of things, charged two deities with the consecration of those two moments—Adeona and Abeona, the goddess of arrival and the goddess of departure.

Ignorant of all this, which is elementary, pacifists have made their own task too simple. They have thought that in order to eliminate war it is enough not to make it or, at the most, to work against the making of it. Thinking of war as only a superfluous and morbid outgrowth of human dealings, they have held that extirpating it is enough and that it is not necessary to substi-

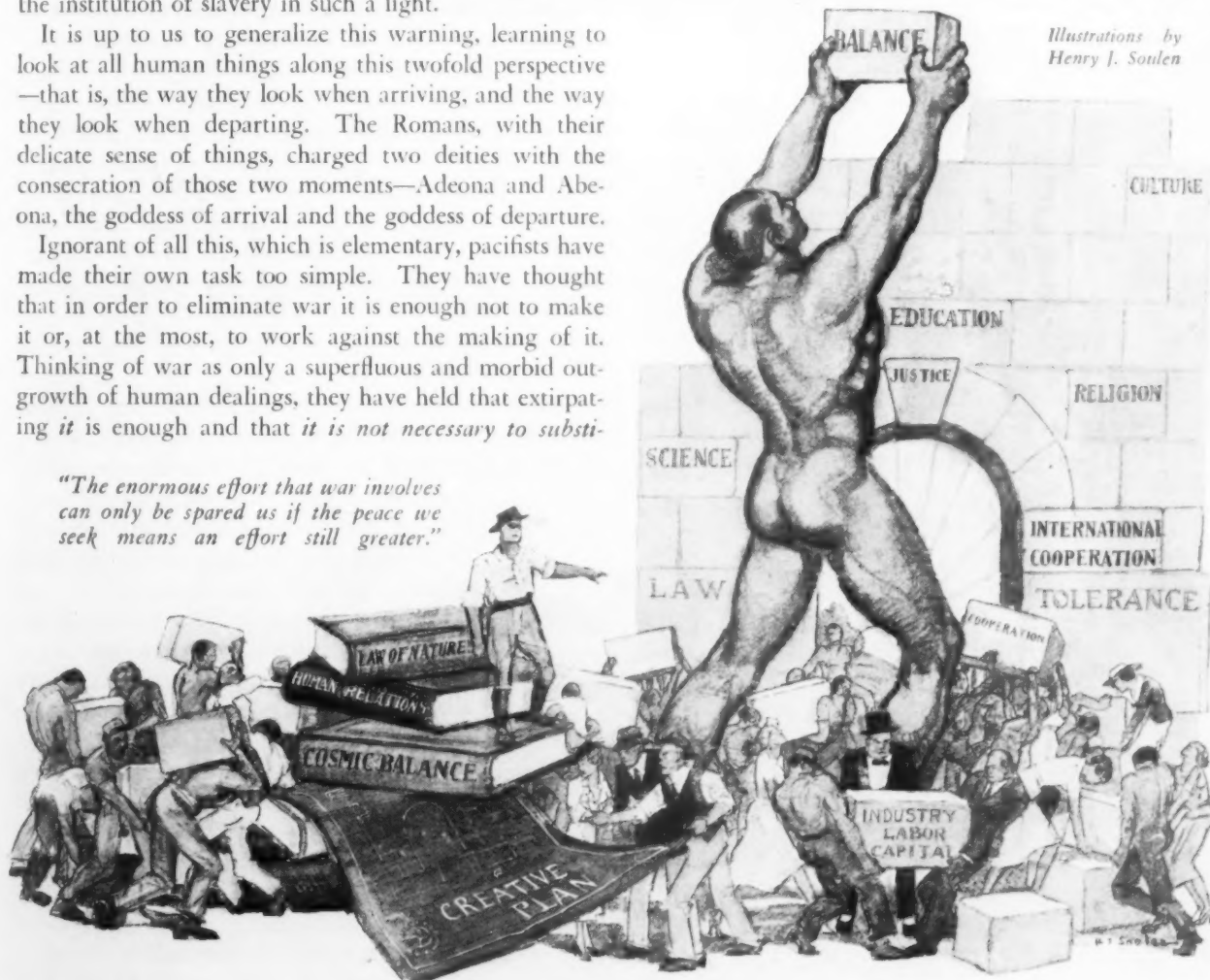
tute something for it. But the enormous effort which war involves can only be spared us if the peace we seek means an effort still greater, a system of highly complicated efforts which in part requires the successful intervention of genius.

The other tenet is purely an error. To subscribe to it is to interpret peace as the simple void which war would leave on disappearing, and is, therefore, to ignore that if war is something that is made, peace is likewise something that has to be made, that has to be manufactured, a task requiring all human powers. Peace "is not there"—simply ready for man to enjoy it. Peace is not the natural fruit of any tree. Nothing of much importance is presented to man as a gift. No, he has to make it for himself, to build it.

If we observe all this to be true, isn't it surprising that certain nations should believe that the most they could do in behalf of peace would be to disarm, an act which so resembles a mere omission? That belief becomes incomprehensible if the error of diagnosis on which it is based is not caught. The fallacy lies in the idea that war is the result of men's passions, and that if such passions are repressed, belligerency will be asphyxiated.

In order to see the question clearly, let us do as Lord Kelvin did to solve his physics problems: let us construct for ourselves an imaginary model. Let us imagine, then,

Illustrations by
Henry J. Soulen



"The enormous effort that war involves can only be spared us if the peace we seek means an effort still greater."

that at a given time all men were to renounce war. Do you believe that would be enough, that it would mean taking the briefest, most efficient step toward peace? A grave error, indeed! War, I repeat, was a means invented by man to settle certain conflicts. Renouncing war does not suppress these conflicts. On the contrary, it leaves them more intact and less settled than ever. The absence of passions, the pacific will of all men, would be completely inefficient because the conflicts would still clamor for solution, and *until some other means were invented*, war would reappear relentlessly in that imaginary planet inhabited only by pacifists.

IT ISN'T, then, the will for peace that is of the ultimate concern in pacifism. What is vital is that this term stop signifying a good intention and start to represent a system of new methods in human relations. Nothing fertile can be expected in this connection until pacifism passes on from being a free and easy desire to become a difficult aggregate of new technics.

The injury which that other pacifism brought upon the cause of peace was that it obscured the lack of the most elementary technics, the exercise of which concretely constitutes that which we vaguely call peace.

Peace, for example, is law as a medium for the dealings of nations. The usual pacifism took it for granted that such law existed, and that only men's passions and their instincts of violence induced them to ignore it. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth.

The existence of law or a branch of it requires the following factors: *first*, that a group of men, particularly well inspired, should discover certain ideas or principles of law; *second*, the propaganda and expansion of such ideas or principles throughout the collectivity in question; *third*, that such expansion should be predominating enough to consolidate those ideas of law into the form of "public opinion." Then and only then can we speak of law in the full meaning of the term—that is, of a standard *in force*. No matter if there be no legislators, no matter if there be no judges, if those ideas truly master souls they will act inevitably as incentives for desirable conduct. And this is the true substance of law.

Well, then, there is no law relative to matters which originate wars. And not only does it not exist in the sense that it may not have reached "enforcement" as yet—in other words, that it may not have consolidated as a firm standard in "public opinion"—but it does not exist even as an idea, as a simple theorem hatched in some thinker's mind. And since there is no law of the people even in theory, how can we aspire to the disappearance of wars between them? Allow me to qualify such pretension as frivolous and immoral—because it is immoral to pretend that a thing de-

sired can be accomplished by magic simply because we desire it. A desire is moral only when it is accompanied by the intention of finding means for its fulfillment.

We don't know which are the "subjective rights" of the nations, and we haven't an inkling of what would be the "objective right" which could regulate their movements. The proliferation of international courts and bodies of arbitration which the last 50 years have witnessed contributes to our being blind to the need we suffer for a *real* international law. I am not underestimating, not in the least, the importance of those magistratures. It is always important for the progress of a moral function to materialize in a special, clearly visible body. But, so far, the importance of those international instruments has been reduced to that only. The law they administer is essentially the same which had already existed before their establishment. In fact, if we review matters judged by those tribunals, we find they are the same which were settled long ago by diplomacy. They have not represented real progress in the creation of a law for the reality which nations constitute.

The following, then, would be the first topic in any serious review of pacifism the sober-minded pacifist of today might make: Do there exist today any juridical ideas for an authentic international law? If not, along which lines should they be sought?

Let us not forget that law is composed of many more things than an idea; for example, the biceps of policemen are a part of it. The technic of the single juridical thought has to be followed by many other technics even more complicated. And this generates a swarm of new topics. Since we have seen the failure of pacifism when interpreted as goodwill on the part of one people or another, we need to ask ourselves what essential conditions have to prevail in the historic area for international law to be in force, and, further yet, for it finally to substitute war and constitute peace. The great responsibility falling on the pacifists of today is their having felt very little concern about this.

It is necessary to lift these plans for peace from the level from which they are being managed and discussed—which happens to be the level of the coffee-shop table.

Now, while I am an advocate of the humble and warm human fellowship typical of the coffee-shop table, I believe that that table cannot be the only rescuing institution. To be unaware of this would be to convert the table into a source of spiritism and magic.

The great historic anxieties—and, above all, that enormous task of restoring peace on the globe—clamor for diagnosis and treatment by a superior technicism. Let us keep that technicism from being abstruse and vague; let us prevent it from degenerating into something impenetrable, but let us not attempt to elude its vitally necessary intervention.

I am, my dear sir, respectfully yours,
J. O. y G.



Does Radio Harm Our Children?



Photo: Ferdinand S. Hirsch

Yes!

Juvenile thriller programs distort life, upset nerves

Says Eleanor Saltzman

Novelist and Magazine Writer

AS I CAME in weary from work, I snapped on the radio and tried to relax on the davenport to the accompaniment of a bit of music before dinner. It was, perhaps, 5:15, a pleasant Autumn evening—"blue even," I thought, remembering Stevenson's lines:

*"The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls."*

This is a magic hour, when tired children watch darkness fall, a quiet, peaceful hour. . . .

But suddenly I straightened and reached for the dials. What emerged from my favorite station was far removed from the restful rhythms I was seeking. An airplane zoomed. Men shouted in strained, unnatural voices, maneuvering to escape threatening death in the Pacific beneath them. A hysterical girl began sobbing her

MURDER ON THE RADIO.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 22.—I am full of disgusts! They shoot. They stab. They kill. It is getting to the point that my two children of school age cannot eat their dinner for listening to all the bushwaw and gibberish that is continually pouring out of the loud speaker. Kidnapers, murderers, hornets, Hi Ho Silver—bang bang. Police and gangsters constantly struggling to kill each other—so our children can be entertained; so Johnny will want mother to buy a box of hoofen-pooft xies.

fright, and the other voices upbraided her for cowardice. Like some old-time melodrama it was, with Nellie helpless again in the clutches of the villain. Would the hero rescue her in time? Yes, he did! He always did.

So, too, on the radio. A lonely island appeared in the distance—and just in time, too, for the gasoline tanks were almost empty.

You know, of course, what had happened. I had tuned in on the children's hour.

I switched stations and arrived on the same deserted island. Presently, on another station, I found a dinner-dance program and was comforted by the comparative quiet of rhumba rhythms. But in a moment we reached the end of another 15 minutes and switched advertisers. Once more we plunged into a children's serial of threatening death and daredevil escape. But I was too tired even to turn it off. I lay and sipped, for an awful hour, of the ether milk for modern babes. Of that 75 minutes at the dials, 45 were devoted to narrow escapes.

In my own town I know one child who listens every evening from 5:15 till 6, div-

● **Continuing the Debate-of-the-Month Series**

ing, so to speak, from one kettle of radio soup into another. This time is sacred, and it becomes a major family catastrophe if static or the plans of parents prevent her from listening.

The program proposition rests, of course, with the studio and the advertiser. In our present scheme of radio entertainment, air space is bought like bales of cotton. The purchaser wants listeners by the hundreds of thousands or millions, and he gives what he thinks will bring them. He offers prizes of bicycles, magic buttons, badges, excursions, and from thousands of children come box tops and labels cut from his product in exchange for the currently offered treasure. By this can he measure the success of his radio campaign.

But are the box top and label a sufficiently accurate measure of the success of a program? Are they real proof that the program is "what the public wants"?

I doubt it. Children's radio programs of the type described (and at present they constitute the majority) in the long run probably do a disservice to the advertiser and to the radio industry. As long as they are the chief programs available for children, they will, obviously, have large child audiences. Not even the advertising sponsor is wedded to the idea, simply, of terrifying boys

and girls with the exploits of his program children and then rewarding them with badges. It is only that these means gain for him his end: multiplied customers. But these same means may arouse educational and parental antagonisms that will prove a boomerang, and they apparently fail to take into account many important values.

The radio has come upon us so suddenly and overwhelmingly that we have had scant time to evaluate with any great accuracy its major effects and potentialities. According to one estimate, 24½ million homes in the United States have radio sets, and, counting extra sets and automobile radios, it is said that no less than 33 million sets are available for use in the United States. A somewhat more conservative estimate is that 21,455,799, or 70 percent, of the 29,904,663 homes reported in the United States census for 1930 had radios in January, 1935. Compare these figures with certain other widely distributed home utilities in the United States. Approximately 18 million have automobiles, only 11½ million have telephones, between 21 and 22 million have electricity. In other countries the figures for radios might not be quite so staggering, but they are still huge.

An estimate by the Columbia Broadcasting System indicates that about 90 percent of all homes with a yearly income of \$10,000 or more had radios in 1935, that 85 percent had radios in the \$5,000-\$10,000-income group, and that even in the group with incomes of \$1,000 or less, 52 percent of the homes had radios.

If they were all listening in their own homes, approximately 78 million people in the United States could be listening at one and the same time to whatever happens to be on the air. And people do listen, endlessly. One estimate, apparently reliable, indicates that the average daily period for family listening is 4.1 hours.

Here is an enormous agency for bringing to the public—what? Chiefly entertainment which advertisers think will induce listeners to turn to their program and hear what they have to say of their products. For children this means blue-even programs.

Parents and psychologists have been aware of the nature of these programs, and many of them have protested. Some mothers say that their children are actually frightened, or grow so nervous they can't go to sleep afterward. Others protest that the children won't leave the loud-speaker to set the table or do their homework.

Evidence of this latter sort might please advertisers, but there is a longer view of the matter which might prove more beneficial even to the sponsors. For this appeal via thrills and labels is [Continued on page 59]



"... the ether milk for modern babes..." Of 75 minutes which the author spent at her dials one night, 45 were close escapes.

Photo: Kaufmann-Fabry

Does Radio Harm Our Children?

No!

*That sundown hour is just
the dime novel of today!*

Says Elmo Scott Watson

Editor, The Publishers' Auxiliary

SOME parents are worried about the radio and what they think it may be doing to their children. Some of the programs, they say, are awful. One is tempted to say to them what John B. Kennedy, well-known radio commentator, said a few months ago about radio in general:

"If you kick about what gets on the air, you should hear the stuff they keep off."

I hasten to point out that this was not intended as a defense of bad programs, granting that there are such ("bad" needs a lot of defining), but was meant to call attention to what the leaders of the industry are already doing to keep the worst off and to improve even the best. Radio is very complex. In our appraisal, we must not forget that no one is more anxious for really fine programs than the studios. It is their bread and butter.

Parents, I believe, have a tendency to tilt at windmills over what they consider bad influences on their children. This may be for the best. Certainly I am no devil's advocate. However, I must call attention to the plain fact that a child ordinarily can take a lot of "bad influences" without harm—sometimes, indeed, with benefit. A child who has never been exposed to sharp winds as well as to mild grows up with a tender skin and is poorly prepared for adult life. As a minister once put it, we do not build walls around a willow tree to make it strong, but let it grow up battling all the storms: for from battling comes strength.

Furthermore, and this is important, educators do not yet know enough about the infinitely complex processes of youthful development to prophesy what will be good for a given child in a given environment. They can sometimes look backward and say that such-and-such a cause apparently had such-and-such an effect on such-and-such a child or group of children. But in generalizing, they are the first to admit the shakiness of their foundations.

Who, then, is to decide which children's programs are "bad"? What standards and criteria are to be used? These are the questions at which all discussions of this sort invariably arrive. There is no simple answer for



Photo: Kaufmann-Fabry

them. If parents fall back on arbitrary and personal standards (shall we call them prejudices?), they are quite as likely to be wrong as right.

Fifty years ago the dime novel was the pet horror of a whole generation of conscientious parents. Then came the "funny papers," with their outrageous examples of unregenerate juniors tripping grandma, hacking pianos to pieces with axes, dropping dishwater on father's head. Later came the movies. Now we have the radio.

The chief argument against many of the radio programs for children is that they are "too exciting." Johnny wakes up screaming with terror. It's easy for an easily convinced mother, especially if she herself is bored to tears by the children's-hour programs, to ascribe the nightmare to "that awful radio stuff." Perhaps she overlooks the equally culpable ice cream unwisely eaten after pickles!

But suppose she is really convinced. And suppose she forbids Johnny to listen. What happens? I know some psychologists who would say that she herself thereby becomes a "bad influence." She substitutes her will and judgment for Johnny's. She makes him either a leaner or a rebel. Probably the latter. If he really wants to hear that program, and has some red blood, he will sneak

off somewhere and hear it, mother or no! Children were ever thus. The consequences of prohibition were ever thus. Did boys of the dime-novel era fail to find opportunities to read their dime novels—despite dads and woodsheds and thin breeches?

What, then, are we to do? What about these children's programs? Are they really "too exciting"?

I think it is quite likely that many parents find them boring, improbable in situation and incident, untrue to aspects of ordinary life. These parents probably hate to listen to the programs themselves. So perhaps it is mainly by rationalization that they conclude the programs are "bad" and want them off the air!

What do the boy and girl listeners say? Evidently they do not consider them too exciting, judging by the fact that millions of them keep on listening eagerly. A few who are oversensitive to high-pitched excitement may be troubled by bad dreams afterward; but perhaps they need a physician's attention more than a censor's. The vast majority, I am certain, take all the excitement in their stride and are not unduly affected by it one way or the other. They may tuck away some facts that they did not know before, and perhaps some misinformation. They may form some new conceptions of moral integrity, and perhaps some misconceptions. They will be presented with some model heroes to imitate, some model villains to abhor.

And what do the psychologists say? Very little as yet that is final or conclusive. However, studies have already been made, and we may expect, and will indeed want, more like them. Cantril and Allport in a pioneer volume, *Psychology of Radio*, report a number of conclusions from a study which was made in New York City by Azriel L. Eisenberg of the effects of radio listening on more than 3,000 city children 10 to 13 years old. It was found that these children spent 6 hours and 16 minutes, on the average, before the loud-speaker weekly. By and large, they would rather listen to the radio than read.

They preferred the radio to the phonograph or puzzles; would rather listen than play a musical instrument themselves; but preferred the movies and the "funnies" to the radio. About one-third of these children said they often lay awake thinking of things heard on the radio, and the same number reported dreaming of radio plots—three-fourths of these dreams were nightmares. Most of these children believed (whether rightly or wrongly) that the radio had given them many good things: new information and skills, desirable character traits, better food and health habits. A few—about one-tenth of those studied—admitted (at least, said) that the radio had taught them bad things, such as disobedience, stealing, nervousness, and fear.

Cantril and Allport call attention to the fact that the child, being unable to see through "the implausible claims of advertisers," is a better target than grownups for commercial propaganda. The child tends to ascribe all the merits of the hero or heroine of the radio story to the product which is being advertised, and believes in its efficacy "just as he believes in any fairy tale. His credulity is easily turned into [Continued on page 60]

Children like, and survive, thrills—just as they did in the dime-novel era.



Photo: H. P. Brown





To the North Lies Labrador

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell

Distinguished Founder of the Grenfell Missions

IN A RECENT lecture at a university I ventured to say that I did not believe any of my audience knew where Labrador was. The president jumped up: "I take exception to that remark, Sir Wilfred. I know where Labrador is. I looked it up this morning."

In case you did not look it up this morning, Labrador is the peninsula that forms the northeastern coast of the North American Continent, lying between latitudes 50 and 63 degrees north. Practically no part of it lies north of the North Cape of Scotland. What give it its reputation for ice and isolation are the polar current which perpetually bathes its shores and Greenland's annual contribution of icebergs.

It is a thrilling country, barren and forbidding only to those who, like the sinners of old, "have eyes and see not." The coastline is rugged and precipitous, with little vegetation visible as one sails along its shores. In the interior, however, are vast forests of spruce and fir, countless lakes, magnificent rivers filled to saturation with the

The first of two articles about a land, not of ice and isolation—as many think—but of a rugged folk amid vast untapped wealth.

fattest and most unsuspecting salmon and trout. The Grand Falls are twice the height of Niagara, falling 316 feet at one leap. Our great forests abound in game: grouse and ptarmigan, bears and hares, wolves, wolverines, linxes, foxes, martens, minks, otters, beavers, porcupines, squirrels, and musquash—all of which prefer a cold country to the Tropics, and know that it is easier to get warm if you are too cold than cool if you are too hot.

The marshes and uplands are carpeted with blueberries, partridgeberries, baked-apple berries, and capillaires. The country's mineral resources have never been adequately explored, but such wealth is to be expected, since Labrador is geologically a continuation of the Canadian shield.

Labrador was the first part of North America to be seen by white people; Herjulfson the Viking, attempting to reach Greenland, visited it in A. D. 986. He was

Nearly every coast town, like Fogo Island (right), is a busy fishing port from which sturdy descendants of the men of Dorset, Devon, and Scotland go to sea.

Vistas of Labrador (below): A trio of happy, hardy children . . . Yale Falls—among the many cataracts awaiting development . . . Kayaks propelled skilfully by Labradormen.



followed in the year 1000 by Leif, son of Eric the Red. In 1498, in the little ship *Matthew*, John Cabot sailed along its shores; and two years later, Corte Real, from Portugal, cruised all along the east coast, captured some Nascopee Indians, whom he carried back for slaves, and reported timber in great abundance, indicating that he was the first to sail up the fjords. In 1534, Jacques Cartier thought so little of the country that he called it the "Land God Gave to Cain." Four hundred years ago, fishermen from the British Isles knew the coast well. Indeed for centuries it has been the nursery for the men who saved England, by giving her the mastery of the seas.

THE aborigines were the Eskimos, Mongols in origin, of whom some 1,000 still remain in the northern end of Labrador. Among them the Moravian Brethren have been working for nearly 200 years, and it is due to their unselfish efforts that the Eskimos have not been entirely blotted out in Labrador. In the interior were the Indians, who, however, never mixed with the Eskimos. The main population of the country today are the whites, descendants of the men from Devon and Dorset and Scotland, who sailed westward to reap the rich harvest of the sea. These fishermen are a splendid, sturdy, honest race, hard working, uncomplaining, deeply religious. They have the same background racially as North Americans; they speak the same language, though many of their expressions would be better understood in the mountains of the South (where the same Elizabethan English persists) than in districts today termed "civilized." The Labrador fisherfolk still speak of "cleaving the splits" and "hapsing the door." Many nautical terms have crept in, so that a man has his tooth "hauled," or "hoists the window."

To a Labradorman or a Newfoundlander, "fish" is always codfish, and the greeting of one old "salt" to another is invariably, "How's t'fish, boys?" Others are mentioned by their specific names, like salmon and her- ring and capelin and halibut. Fishing is the great Sum-



To a Labrador-man, "fish" invariably is codfish (left). He catches, salts, and dries it during the Summer months and exports it to the "hot countries."

Northern fishermen no longer market a morning catch (below) so readily, because of unsettled conditions abroad. Indian Harbor (bottom), a typical sea-coast community.

mer industry, while in Winter the men go lumbering or "on the fur path." As there are no roads in the country, boats are the means of transportation during open water, while in Winter the snow-covered countryside is one broad highway.

At one time, before the American Revolution, the governor of Boston was in charge of Labrador, but he later asked to be relieved of his responsibility, which was then given to the governor of Newfoundland, as he found it too difficult to control his fishermen at such long range. Labrador is still under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland, so that legally the Labradormen are Newfoundlanders. Even today the Americans retain their fishing rights on the Labrador coast which they had before the American colonies fought and won the War of the Revolution.

The chief market for salt codfish for centuries has been in hot countries; so Newfoundland and Labrador looked to the Mediterranean seaboard as the main outlet for their catch. The unsettled conditions in Ethiopia and Spain have been disastrous to the welfare of the Northern fishermen.

To the initiated the country's advantages far outweigh its drawbacks. It has no endemic diseases. It is a sportsman's paradise—a holiday ground for those weary of civilization. Contrary to what is believed, there is little fog north of the Straits of Belle Isle. We have few thunderstorms, no hay fever, no divorces, and no drunkenness. The beautiful icebergs which trim the ocean are a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Norway has no monopoly of the Midnight Sun or of magnificent fjords. Even our mosquitoes, direct descendants though they be of a plague of Egypt, serve to keep us "on the jump."

Labrador is truly a laborer's land, as its name implies. But the question "Why not move all the people to an easier environment?" is both silly and shallow. Years ago I attended the Spanish Mission Play in California, which depicted the Californians of about the year 1850, waiting in a starving condition for a supply ship to reach them from Mexico!



Photos: (1) Capt. Bartlett from Gendreau; (2) J. H. Donaldson; (3) Underwood

Helium for Humanity

By George W. Gray

Author, *The Advancing Front of Science*

NEARLY 70 years ago an English astronomer espied a strange yellowish color flaring in the atmosphere of the sun. It was utterly different from any tint known on earth, and he realized that it must be caused by the incandescence of an unknown element in the solar flames. So Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer named his find "helium," after the Greek word "helios" (sun).

Between this discovery of the mysterious gas 90 million miles away in 1868 and the debate over its control and distribution by Congress in Washington, D. C., in 1937, lies one of the most exciting stories of science. For the drama of helium presents a succession of surprises, accelerated by the adventurous experimenting of the pioneering professors.

It was an American, W. F. Hillebrand, of the Geological Survey, who first chanced on helium in the earth. In 1894, he heated a heavy mineral conglomerate and there boiled out, among other emanations, minute quantities of a strange gas. Unfortunately, Dr. Hillebrand mistook the gas for nitrogen, and so reported it, missing the rôle of discoverer by that narrow margin.

Within three days of hearing of Hillebrand's work, the British chemist Sir William Ramsay repeated the experiment, obtained the gas, sparked it in a vacuum tube, and saw the brilliant yellow lines characteristic of helium. The sun stuff was also earth stuff!

But all the evidence seemed to say that it was a very rare earth stuff. The German physicist Heinrich Kayser discovered minute quantities bubbling from mineral springs in the Black Forest. He found also that traces are present in the atmosphere. Certain minerals were able to yield it up in infinitesimal amounts, some spontaneously, others on heating. By years of laborious work the Dutch physicist H. K. Onnes extracted a few dozen cubic feet of the gas and, by means of pressure and cooling, reduced it to a liquid. The stuff stubbornly resisted condensation, and not until he had lowered its temperature to 450° below zero F. did gaseous helium change to liquid helium. The element was shown to be utterly inert: it could not be made to combine chemically with anything. Next to hydrogen it was the lightest substance known, having a weight only about one-seventh that of air. But it was too scarce to be of any practical value. Onnes's experiments had cost a small fortune; his extraction from the rocks had averaged about \$1,800 per cubic foot of the gas.

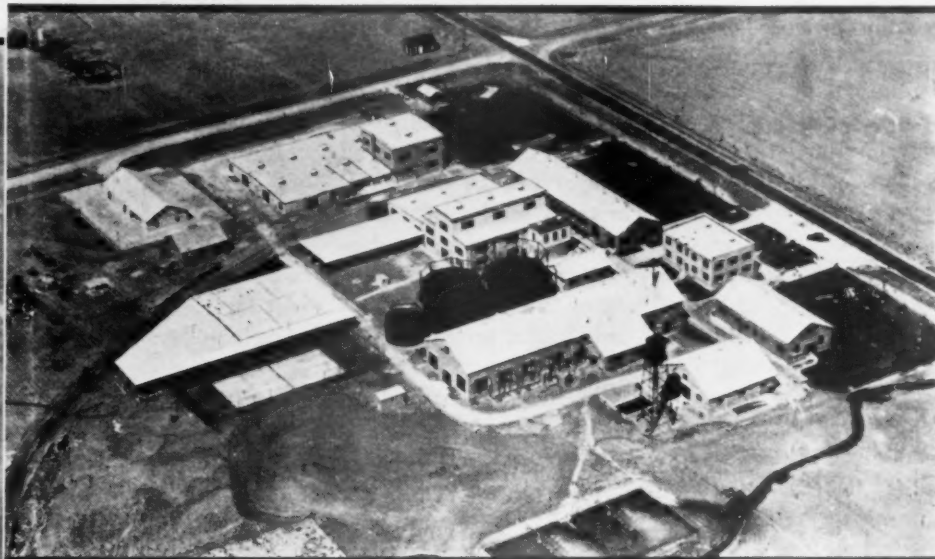
Today the United States Bureau of Mines is taking



helium from wells in Texas at less than 2 cents a cubic foot; and recently, in a single year, it bottled up more than 15 million cubic feet. Certain physicians are using helium for the treatment of asthma and other diseases. Aeronautical engineers now agree that it is the only safe gas for inflating dirigibles and other balloons. And yet outside the United States, helium remains little more than a laboratory curiosity—for nowhere else does Nature yield it up except in grudging minutiae.

From time to time several promising prospects have been uncovered in Canada. The Canadian gases of highest helium content were found in Ontario. Here samples containing more than 1 percent of helium were drawn, but a survey showed that the field was restricted

Photos: Acme



Had mild helium rather than testy hydrogen buoyed the Hindenburg, its sickening crash might have been averted. . . . But on the rare gas Nature gave the United States a monopoly—in wells at Amarillo, Texas (above). . . . The balloonful of helium (page 18) once cost \$5,000; today, 1½ cents.

and the total gas flow per well small. Larger areas containing larger wells were hit upon in Alberta, but the helium content proved to be only three-tenths of 1 percent, hardly rich enough for economical extraction. And so the Canadian fields, which are second only to those of the United States, must await finer techniques of processing.

The first hint that helium might be regarded as a unique part of the North American patrimony came in 1903. At that time there was a wave of excitement over petroleum throughout the Southwest, extending from the Gulf Coast, where the rich Spindle Top had recently spouted its prodigious gushers, up into Oklahoma, Kansas, and other States. In a southern Kansas farming district near the town of Dexter the geological formations seemed favorable, and here townspeople and farmers joined in a project to drill for oil. A test well was begun, the slow grinding through rocks and sand had proceeded downward for more than 300 feet, when suddenly there was a roar, and a dark stream of gravel, mud, and water spouted geyserlike over the derrick. A Kansas gusher!

This oil boom was short lived, however, for as the well continued to flow, it changed to a jet of gas. In a few days the promoters had to acknowledge that their drill had opened up only a gas field.

But natural gas is a valuable commodity, and immediately there were visions of piping it into houses and factories as a fuel. The mayor declared a holiday; a stand was erected, a program arranged, and from many parts of the county the citizens gathered at Dexter for the ushering in of prosperity. A pipe had been installed from the well to the speaker's stand, and, as a fitting climax, a ceremonial lighting of the gas was scheduled to follow the mayor's speech.

The oratory came off perfectly, as planned. After that—confusion. For when the gas was turned on, it extinguished the match which the mayor held to light it. Several matches in succession blew out. The gas pressure was too high, explained the embarrassed officials. They would build a bonfire, turn the gas in a steady stream into the fire, watch it burn.

But the blazing fire had no better luck. No amount of coaxing would make the gas burn. The holiday ended in gloom. Newspapers of rival towns did not pass up the opportunity to poke fun, with many sly digs at Dexter's new kind of "fire extinguisher." They spoke more wisely than they knew, as later aeronautics were to demonstrate.

All these Kansas episodes happened back in 1903. The well was plugged up; the district returned to its wheat farming; and outside the laboratories the oddities of helium were generally ignored for more than a decade.

CAME the World War—and a frantic search for non-inflammable gas to use in zeppelins instead of the highly explosive hydrogen. Recalling H. P. Cady's report of the Kansas discovery, Washington sent out experts to prospect. An area in northern Texas was selected for exploitation, and by November, 1918, some 147,000 cubic feet of Texas helium, compressed in steel cylinders, were on the docks at Galveston.

When the Armistice came, and this hastily assembled helium cargo was turned over to the peace-time uses of the Army and Navy, the gas was still something of an experimental material. By 1925, the Government had

spent 12 million dollars in helium development, had actually produced about 24 million cubic feet, had adopted as a safety measure the policy of using only helium to inflate military balloons and dirigibles, and by Federal law had drastically restricted (practically prohibited) the export of helium. In that year, too, all helium operations, heretofore supervised by the Navy, were turned over to the technicians of the Bureau of Mines. Under their direction the extensive developments of the last dozen years have been pushed to completion at an added expenditure of about \$2,200,000.

These new developments include the prospecting of many districts throughout the North American Continent, the acquirement of 50,000 acres of a natural-gas field near Amarillo, Texas, and the erection there of a modern extraction plant which has produced some 77 million cubic feet since it was opened in 1929. In addition to the Amarillo field (good for 180 years of operation at present plant capacity), reserve lands rich in helium are held in Colorado and Utah.

There will be no lack of purchasers, if one may judge by demands voiced at the Congressional hearings in 1937.

The first and most insistent demand was that of the medical men who have discovered virtues in helium as a breathing material. Seventy-nine percent of our air is nitrogen. We simply breathe it in only to breathe it out again unused, while our lungs absorb and actually utilize the 21 percent of oxygen. A physician, watching an asthma victim struggle for breath, wondered if a lighter air would have any favorable effect. Theory suggested that it ought to make for easier breathing. Since the 79 percent nitrogen is inert, why not substitute for it an equal amount of helium, also inert? Since the weight of helium is only one-seventh the weight of nitrogen, a corresponding helium-oxygen mixture would have a density only about one-third that of the ordinary nitrogen-oxygen mixture of the air. This synthetic atmosphere was tried, and it brought relief. It is now an accepted medium for treatment of severe (acute) asthma in some hospitals.

"Some patients with asthma actually die," said Dr. Alvan L. Barach, testifying before the Congressional committee. "But," he continued, referring to results in New York, "we have not lost a single patient in the helium treatment, although we have had five apparently fatal cases in 16 months. By 'fatal' I mean that the pulse could no longer be felt—and they were restored by the use of helium."

Not only asthma, but also other ailments involving breathing difficulties, such as obstruction in the upper air passages, the lung disease known as "emphysema,"

and the deep-sea diver's affliction called "the bends,"* as well as certain techniques of administering anesthetics, are now being served more effectively through the use of artificial atmospheres in which helium is the inert ingredient.

But helium has been a very expensive breathing material, and it was for this reason that physicians appeared before Congress urging amendment of the law which prohibited the sale of Government helium. Two tanks of oxygen, sufficient to sustain a patient under an oxygen tent for a day, cost \$5 to \$10, whereas an equal amount of helium had been costing the sick about \$50 at commercial prices—and only the rich could afford it. If the gas could be had at its Government cost, it would become a common hospital material.

While these hearings were under way in Washington in 1937, the German dirigible *Hindenburg* exploded. Perhaps no one will ever know just what spark or flame was the immediate cause of this tragic accident at the New Jersey landing field, but everyone knows it could not have occurred with a helium ship. The demand of doctors for cheap helium with which to fight disease was already fortified by the demand of aeronautical interests for cheap helium with which to inflate commercial airships; but this sudden and spectacular tragedy, with its international aspects and its harrowing loss of life, gave enormous publicity to the demand.

It was as though a vast torch had flared up in the darkness to show all and sundry that this wondrous helium promised victories of peace no less important than those expected in war.

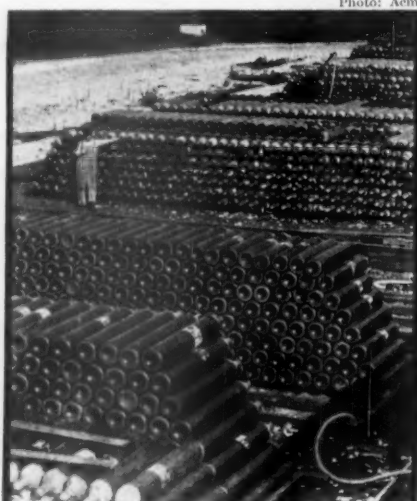
The law was passed. Government helium ceased to be the peculiar agency of the Army and Navy; it was transferred to the list of products that may be sold to the public. And while restrictions are provided and a very close control of exportation is imposed, helium for the first time becomes a commercial commodity available for world trade. It seems likely, therefore, that the rigid lighter-than-air commercial ship is due for an enormous development during the next five years.

One of the restrictions on exports prohibits the sale of helium to another country for use in war. Also, its airship use is restricted to those lines which operate wholly within the United States or between the United States and another country.† The fact that helium in the gas bags of a dirigible is subject to slow leakage works against the probability of any considerable stores of the material being concentrated in other countries.

Was there ever a distant clue more richly rewarding than the sun's flaming band of yellow helium light?

* See *Deep-Sea Diving Has By-Products*, by Captain John D. Craig, THE ROTARIAN, March, 1938.

† Notwithstanding Dr. Hugo Eckener's assurance that Germany's recently built airship will be used only commercially, as yet the United States has not given permission to sell helium to his country.

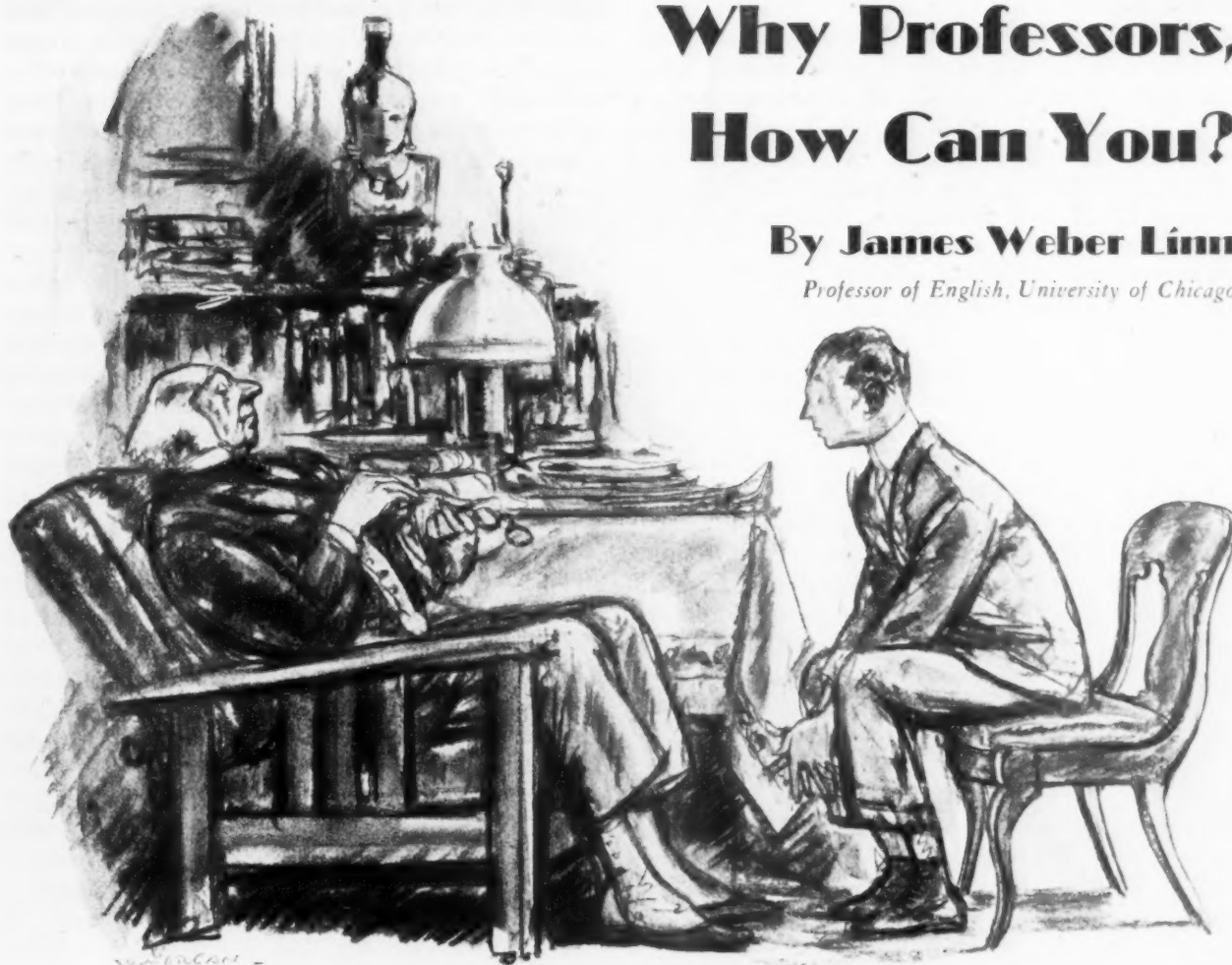


Helium, tanked at its source, awaiting use in a lighter-than-air craft.

Why Professors, How Can You?

By James Weber Linn

Professor of English, University of Chicago



"Within these walls," replied Professor Bartle, "it shall be Ro-duh." And he trilled the "r."

YOU KNOW the idea people used to have of college professors: they were all absent-minded, stern-faced old men with hearts of gold, who taught Greek or Latin or calculus or English. They were paid almost nothing, but they were devoted to their teaching as well as to their books, and sometimes one of the boys who had gone out into the great world and got rich remembered one of the professors, who knows why, and he got together the other alumni who had also grown rich and gave the old man a dinner, at which the old man spoke in a quavering voice very beautiful if very old-fashioned thoughts, and the tears stood in the eyes of all present, and then the old man sank back into his chair and died, died right there at the banquet; and the alumni realized that a lifetime of what had amounted to malnutrition, plus their own and sudden kindness, had been too much for him, and, as they tiptoed sorrowfully away, they whispered to one another, "How could we have been so blind?"

But that was all way back when. In 1912, a college professor, or at any rate a college president who had been a college professor, was elected President of the United States. And the old conception was presently supplanted

by another: college professors were interfering idealists. They pretended to be experts, but they were, as a matter of fact, just theorists in a practical world. They were fellows who couldn't get themselves elected to the management of a dog pound, and yet talked about reforming politics; who had never had to meet a pay roll and yet talked about "capital and labor"; red-bloodless men who talked against war; men who, in fact, spent their whole time in talk and yet insisted that the country hadn't "free speech."

Even the professors of physics and chemistry, who might perhaps have helped business with practical suggestions, as Edison did, wasted their time and the people's money on what they called "research," whatever that might be, and whatever it was it certainly did nobody any good. Wilson was the type of the whole kit and boodle of them—Wilson with his proud phrases and his religiostic theories and his Leagues of Nations and so on. They were all little Wilsons, only, of course, without his brains. If any prosperous alumnus gave one of them a dinner, it was only in the pious hope that the old crab might die of overfeeding. That conception re-

mains. All college professors, it is well known, are today of that sort.

Everybody can't be wrong. Not, at least, altogether wrong. I was a professor myself in the old days, before the turn of the century, and I am a professor now. I have known something like 1,000 professors in the last 40 years. Ten or a dozen fitted the old conception, and ten or a dozen fit the new conception. The other 980 were and are, I suppose, exceptions that proved the rule.

IF the old sort, let us consider Professor Bartle. (If any names of actual individuals are used in this article, it is purely a coincidence and neither the author nor the editor accepts responsibility.) Professor Bartle is dead, now, these 20 years. He was a New Englander of the New Englanders—Mayflower stuff. I heard him make a speech once at a dinner at which were gathered a large number of Mayflower descendants.

The president of the society had remarked that there were so many Mayflower descendants that if they were stood in a double line breasts to backs, they would reach from Chicago to San Francisco and 17 miles out into the Pacific Ocean. Professor Bartle pleaded with him to start the line 17 miles east of Chicago—say, at Gary—for it would, he insisted, be a shame to drown 17 miles of specimens of such admirable inheritance.

Professor Bartle was, like Lincoln, odd-looking, yet few thought of him as homely. He had large flapping red ears, with a tuft of bristly hair in each, and a remarkably Roman nose. He taught Greek, as you have guessed; though he might have taught mathematics if he had liked, or philosophy or English literature.

It must be admitted that Professor Bartle was not poor. Relatives in New England were always dying and leaving him something. Whenever he went back to Boston, he used to say he had "been among the old aunts of his childhood." But poor or not, he was a precisian. Once he left a dinner table abruptly because his host, who was a businessman-collector, referred to some *Arundel* prints he had picked up. Professor Bartle rose, and remarking, "The word, sir, is *Arundel*," got his hat and coat and departed.

To be sure, by doctor's orders Bartle had to be in bed every night by 10 o'clock, and probably he left at the moment he had fixed for departure anyway. Professor Bartle had a tricky heart. He was not allowed to attend football games for this reason; they excited him unduly. Saturday afternoons in the football season he used to walk round and round outside the athletic field, listening to the cheering and trying to make out by that how the game was coming out.

Every year he picked out some promising young fellow and paid his way through college. Once a month he had his four boys in to dinner. Those dinners were of an elegance unequalled in our community experience. The talk, on Professor Bartle's part, consisted chiefly of reminiscences of life in ancient Greece. Most of the freshmen believed that Professor Bartle had carried a spear in the Battle of Marathon. He spent some time, too, in correcting the articulation of his guests. One of his boys, later a physician of some eminence, was named Rohde. On his first appearance as a guest, Professor Bartle addressed him as Ro-duh. The boy said timidly, as he glanced up from the faded carpet, "We call it Ro-day, sir."

"That which influences toward standardization is constant contact with youth. . . . A large Wall street company offered Winkle a large salary. . . . He declined."



Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan

"Within these walls," replied Professor Bartle briefly, "it shall be Ro-duh." And he trilled the "r."

Such was one of the old type. Now, as an example of the new, let us consider Professor Winkle. Winkle is a professor of economics. He spends six months of the year in college classrooms and six months in Washington offices. Now and then he is called abroad in conferences. He is regarded as an authority on statistics, or something. At the beginning of the depression, a Wall Street company offered him a large salary to fiddle around among securities and give it advice. He declined, on the ground that if a man had special knowledge, he ought to put it at the disposal of the community, not at the disposal of a firm.

Winkle went to his 15th class reunion; had to, really, because his alma mater wished to confer upon him an honorary degree. He walked in the academic procession with the vice-president of alma mater, and his classmates, dressed as pirates, lined up beside the pathway and offered him the tribute of a Bronx cheer. Scarcely interrupting his conversation on higher things with the dignitary, Winkle, out of the corner of his mouth, remarked clearly one word still barred from the reputable magazines and passed on. Winkle, too, picks out young men and nurses them toward distinction. Only he doesn't pay their tuition. He sneers at them, berates them, and crowds them into doing much better work than they had known how to do. Had Winkle known Bartle, he would have called the old man a fossil, and privately regarded him as a fool. Had Bartle known Winkle, he would have said of him, "He has the mind but not the manners of a gentleman." By certain members of the board of trustees, Winkle is called a menace.

Such are "typical" professors of the old sort and the new. But what of the 980 or so I have known who are the exceptions that prove the rule? Well, they seem to be various; not to fit regular patterns; to have been, and to be, as different as lawyers are, or doctors, or even editors. They come into the profession from different backgrounds, and the profession does not seem to mold them or standardize them or even change them much.

For instance, consider three eminent physicists, all members of the same university department. One was, like Joseph Conrad, born in Poland and a sailor in his youth. Coming to the United States, he was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He resigned from the Navy because he was to his fingertips an artist. He was a painter, a delightful performer upon the violin, a billiard player of professional skill. In the laboratory he conceived the most ingenious experiments, and devised the most impossibly delicate machinery for carrying



"Winkle . . . remarked clearly one word that is still barred from the reputable magazines and passed on."

them out. While his international fame was growing, and after it had grown, he was the life of three parties a week.

One of his colleagues was born on a farm in Illinois, went to a little red schoolhouse, in college played a great game of football, and later earned his way to eminence in his profession by the exercise of steady industry and commonsense. At 44 he volunteered for fighting services in France, and returned covered with honors to become again for the rest of his life what he called "a black-hearted schoolteacher."

THE third man, quiet, laborious, humorless, gentle mannered, for years pursued the even tenor of his way as a routine teacher and good churchgoer on Sundays. At 45 he suddenly became known for new discoveries in the field of electricity, and immediately began crusading for a closer correlation of scientific thinking and religious faith; in a few years he made another sudden turn into university administration, and, to the amazement of all who knew him, succeeded in it beyond a dream.

Now which of those three was "typical," and of what? They had one thing in common among them, and one thing only: intelligence. Maybe that is, after all, the professorial characteristic.

The truth is that college professors are more variedly individual than any other group. It is possible to generalize with some safety about politicians, bankers, editors, truck drivers. We know, of course, that every politician is on the make; every banker is cautious and pompous; every editor is dogmatic; [Continued on page 56]



By William Vogt

Editor, Bird-Lore

A GRAVE MARKER deep in the tangled jungles of Florida . . . one boot on a lonely Virginia beach . . . a bloody ax and a few human hairs. . . . These are some of the dramatic chapter headings in one of the most remarkable stories of idealism in the history of the United States. Nothing but a love of birds inspired those who successfully fought powerful commercial forces and set up a system of protection that snatched winged America back from the brink of extermination.

The story has its beginning in the days when women required feathers for their hats. In two afternoons, on 14th Street in New York City, one observer counted 40 kinds of feathered remains on women's hats!

The millinery industry claimed that it was founded on the feather trade, and nothing could exceed in acrimony what was said about Theodore Roosevelt when he made a few early efforts to reduce the kill of birds. Alfred E. Smith, later justly proud of his conservation record as Governor of New York State, fought bird-protection laws and contended that they would destroy a great industry! Thousands of men—it was said—depended on bird killing for their livelihood; to stop the killing would be to take food from their mouths.

We Americans are good natured and it takes a good while for us to get mad. But we have a way of being hardheaded about facts when we are finally aware of them. The facts about our birds were the sort that could not be ignored. The birds were being wiped out and,

Birds that, 30 years ago, one saw only on milady's hat, again cloud the sky—but back of their return lies a heroic, often tragic tale.

as a result, the country was losing irreplaceable assets.

First, the egrets had been almost entirely exterminated. These are immaculately white, long-legged, wading birds, with bright yellow bills and a grace no dancer has ever equalled. Their plumes, which were literally worth their weight in gold and twice that in London, were worn by the birds only at the nesting season. Few creations of Nature are more delicate than these feathers, and by the time the baby birds are able to shift for themselves the adult plumes are usually so worn and battered they would ornament neither bird nor woman. Plumes could be secured only by killing the birds. So killed they were.

Twenty years ago the least tern, an exquisite cousin of the gulls, was a rarity in New York. Now it is commonplace and hundreds of thousands of people who have no idea of its name have taken pleasure in the swift delicacy of its glistening wings; its long, streaming, forked tail; its sharply cried *kee-dick*.

The terns, or sea swallows, nest in large colonies. Their eggs are deposited on the open beaches, often without any nest save a scraped-out hollow, and the human trespasser is likely to be assailed by a cascade of diving birds. With forked tail spread, they scream their protests and plunge at the interloper in breath-taking swoops. As they dive, they shriek, and many a time I



have seen a man or woman or dog frightened away by them.

But not a feather hunter! As the birds hang overhead, frantic for the safety of their eggs or young, it is an easy task to pick them off with a light shotgun. It is so easy that for hundreds of miles along the coasts of the United States the lovely sea swallows were virtually exterminated. A few years more and they might have been gone forever. But the people to whom America would not be America without its birds, said to the commercial exploiters,

Signs like this one (below) win public aid in protecting egrets and spoonbills (at bottom) from hunters.

Photos: (left) A. M. Bailey; (below) H. P. Allen



"You have no more right to these birds than we. We're going to save the birds for our own enjoyment and our children's." And they did.

The sanctuary movement began in 1900. The first efforts were private. Government sanctuaries were established a bit later, but usually there was no money available for their operation. In 1902, the National Association of Audubon Societies,* primarily an educational institution, took up its sanctuary work. It realized that something more drastic than merely setting aside areas for the birds would be necessary. It began its work in earnest with a group of wardens who would enforce the law.

The first Audubon warden to be sent into Florida swamps, Guy Bradley, was murdered. With plumes sought in markets all over the world, with little chance of detection, arrest, and conviction, why stop at murder? A few years later Columbus McLeod, another Audubon warden, disappeared. His sunken boat was recovered—weighted down with sandbags to hide it permanently—and an ax, stained with blood and hair.

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, now president emeritus of the Audubon Association, was in Florida shortly after Bradley's death, and hired a schooner to take him from Marco to Key West. The one-man crew of the little vessel, knowing nothing of the Northerner's business, asked him, "Ever hear of this Audubon Society?"

Dr. Pearson "allowed" as how he had, but, fortunately, was vague.

"Well," opined the man, "they're a bunch of damn' Yankees, come down here tryin' to take the bread out of our mouths. They're tryin' to stop us from killin' these birds. See this?"

This was a six-shooter—"with a barrel that looked as long as my arm," Dr. Pearson says. "Well," continued the boatman, "I'm goin' to let daylight straight through the first Audubon man I see. One of their men, Bradley, got killed last week, and he's only the first of 'em."

What manner of man is it who gives up his life for birds if necessary when hush money is an easy alternative? Florida's Kissimmee prairie warden in many ways typifies the lot. Night and day, in all weathers, he goads his old car across savannas, through swales, constantly seeking the information on which an efficient protection program must be based. One of his many problems is the illegal egg collector, whose activities take the heaviest toll from birds that are nearest extermination. When he started work, every palmetto in which the rare Audubon's caracara nested bore the marks of eggers' climbing irons. Now they show where the warden has climbed—to stamp each egg with indelible ink: Protected by the National Association of Audubon Societies. These eggs are worthless to the collectors.

Many a so-called sanctuary is a sanctuary only by the grace of the warden. The birds—great ibises, relatives of the sacred bird of Egypt, rare cranes, brilliant pink spoonbills, egrets—may be nesting on private land or

*The Association chose its name to honor John James Audubon, a pioneer American ornithologist and painter of birds.

State land. They may—and often do—shift about from place to place. It has not been feasible to attempt to buy all the land the birds need. While State and Federal laws give them current protection, in some parts of the United States, Government officers are rare, and the sole protection comes from Audubon wardens.

In other areas food, water, and cover conditions are exactly what the birds need, and the cheapest and most effective way of giving protection is to set aside tracts of land for them. The Paul J. Rainey Wild-Life Sanctuary in Louisiana, owned and maintained by the Audubon Association, is such an area. Twenty-six thousand acres in extent, it was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Grace Rainey Rogers.

AT THE Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Sanctuary on Long Island, the concern has been to demonstrate ideal sanctuary conditions. By intensive propagation of food and cover plants, the bird population has been built up to one of the highest densities known—152 nests in 12 acres. This sanctuary is adjacent to Theodore Roosevelt's grave, and thousands of visitors to the area have here gained their first idea of what a bird sanctuary is.

Still a fourth type of sanctuary is one at Cape May Point, New Jersey. The long thrust of southern New Jersey acts as a funnel; migrating birds are concentrated here in such numbers in the Fall as, probably, can be seen no other place in North America. For

Photo: F. T. Healy collection from The Bettman Archive



many years the bird concentrations were followed by concentrations of gunners. An extensive and beautiful area at the point is now under lease to the Audubon Association, and a warden is stationed here from August to November every year.

Junior Audubon Clubs were first formed 28 years ago, through the generous donations of Mrs. Russell Sage and others, and more than 5,600,000 boys and girls have been enrolled. Two of the men on the present Audubon staff became interested in the work through Junior Clubs. Their single aim: conservation. Over 100 million pieces of educational material have been distributed.

The educational work has reached its highest development in the Audubon Nature Camp for adult leaders, on an island off Maine. Here, at less than cost, school superintendents, principals and teachers, Scoutmasters, camp counsellors, librarians, and other youth leaders come from all parts of the country—to learn of proved successful ways of stimulating lasting genuine interest of children in the outdoors.

What has been the net gain in the 38 years of conservation activity? A drive to the coast almost anywhere in the East will show the Summer visitors an abundance of birds that, three decades ago, were rarely to be seen except on a woman's hat.

Now in Florida the egret is abundant. The most spectacular and beautiful aspect of a drive across the Tamiami Trail is the birds. I have seen them there, literally by the thousand—egrets, ibises, snakebirds, wood ibises, and many others. Anyone who has watched a towering flock of white ibises, swinging in great circles with black-tipped white wings flashing in the sun, will remember this beauty of Florida.

In the late Summer thousands of egrets wander northward. One day last September I counted more than 100 of them feeding alongside the railroad track that skirts the Hudson. People crowded to the river windows to exclaim at the beauty of the "white cranes."

BUT the increase in the number of birds is not the sole result. An almost universal charity for feathered wild life is another. Hundreds of thousands of people every Winter regularly feed birds. Killing is now almost entirely restricted to legitimate sport species. Even hawks and owls, once killed indiscriminately, are now protected in most States both by law and by sentiment.

This has resulted in a better America. Songbirds that were formerly killed now rear their families to help man control the insects. In the Theodore Roosevelt Sanctuary it has never been necessary to use an ounce of insecticide. On the farms the hawks and owls ceaselessly help man by keeping the rodents in check. On the Texas coast, where "crawfish" destroy levees about the rice fields, the herons and ibises, locally known as "levee-walkers," are rightfully considered one of man's

"T was a brave cartoonist who turned this bit of conservation propaganda back in 1883. 'Fine feathers make fine birds,' he titled it. But on went the slaughter."

best friends. Anyone who shoots these birds ranks nearly as low as a horse thief. By restoring the birds we help to restore a natural balance favorable to man.

The struggle is not yet over. Until education has made the general public realize that a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand, it will be necessary to continue patrols. The destruction of forests, swamps, and prairies obliterates habitats without which wild life cannot survive. Many years more of work lie ahead of conservationists. State and Federal Governments are doing much for game birds, but actual protection of gulls, terns, cormorants, ibises, egrets, pelicans, snakebirds, and roseate spoonbills, to name but a few, still depends almost entirely on public-spirited citizens.

EVEN the hardest-headed and most skeptical businessmen are beginning to realize that bird protection pays—not only in terms of education and recreation, but also in the coin of the realm.

Evidence of this is to be found in many parts of the United States. The Canadians have wisely and widely publicized their sanctuary on Bonaventure Island, which attracts people every year from hundreds of miles away. A recent magazine article about birds of the Carolina coast brought so many visitors and cars that it was necessary to close off the road to a sanctuary near Charleston, South Carolina.

Thousands of visitors every Fall seek an isolated mountaintop in Pennsylvania where the majesty of the hawk migration sweeps by and where the field glass has replaced the repeating shotgun; farmers in the region have for the first time been able to put plumbing and electricity into their houses because of the profits from this new tourist trade. Cars from many States labor up the ancient rocky way from Dreherstown, and this remote country has its first parking problem. On the mountaintop itself the problem is nearly as bad. The bare rocks are often so crowded that there is scarcely room for another bird student to stand and watch the procession of the hawks go by.

Every year Florida is a Mecca for thousands whose hobby is the enjoyment of birds. In my work I come in contact with these outdoor people in every State of the North and East; I have never talked Florida birds with any of them who did not plan to visit the State. The same is true of Louisiana and Texas.

Of course, one does not have to go to Florida or Texas or Louisiana to see birds. There are few counties in the United States that do not have, within their borders, more than 100 kinds every year. And anyone who will use a little ingenuity can create his own sanctuary in suburb, garden, or farm. The same formula may be used that has been so successful in Audubon sanctuaries: protection + cover + food + water = birds. Its success has been proved, time and again, for 38 years.

Bird lovers battled powerful commercial forces to save the gull-billed tern (top), Eastern glossy ibis (center), and green heron (below) from possible extinction.



Photos: (top down) Allan D. Cruikshank; S. A. Grimes; A. T. Heals

In Defense of Banquets

By Douglas Malloch

Illustrations by
John Norment



At your well-regulated banquet no one rises to assert he can't make a speech and then takes 30 minutes to prove it.

IN ANY LIST of big businesses you have handy, look under *B* and you will find *Banquets*. That is, you should, for banquets are an industry of no *hors d'oeuvre* proportions. For instance, one hotel in Brooklyn, New York, has served as much as 3 million dollars' worth of public dinners in a single year. One banquet speaker has addressed 2,340 meetings and has covered more than one million miles shuttling between them. He has spent \$36,000 in rail fare. And, mind you, addressing banquets is just a side line for him!

If you can name any city or even any "whistle-stop" that doesn't have at least one banquet a year—but why go on with the challenge? You probably can't. And this ubiquity of the banquet is a good thing. The institution has done no little bit for world understanding. For it is better to get your adversaries around a table than to try to drape a table around your adversaries. I have never known men at a dinner to quarrel with each other—unless they had a quarrel with the chef.

Indeed, if I wished to establish peace in the world, I would arrange a banquet to which everybody on earth would be invited. Then I would summon the shade of Wilbur (Dick) Nesbit, the greatest toastmaster of all time, to preside. You would soon see the nations of the world locking arms instead of horns. For the age-old formula—good food, good fellowship, good talk—works just as effectively on large groups as on small.

Now, banqueting is certainly nothing new. The fact is, one of its dominant virtues—the casting off of defenses—grew out of the feasts of the knights of old . . . who were bold. It was their wont to pass about a loving cup with two handles. When a knight raised the cup, he lifted it with two hands. Though his sword was at his side, he had no hand free to seize it. The passing of the cup was a symbol of goodwill—and to drink of it was to signify the same.

Where—to return to modern instances—would our organizations be without the banquet? As the apex and climax of most human foregatherings, the dinner offers a prime chance for that fellowship without which such groups enjoy little success. You can pile up a heap of bricks and call it a manufacturers' association, but unless you cement the bricks together with the mortar of friendship, the pile is due to totter, then shatter and fall.

Years ago a schism split the grocery-specialty manufacturers and another branch



Life is too serious a matter to be taken too seriously—right after dinner. A speech must be sugar-coated to succeed.

of the grocery business. The rift was wide, yawning wider. Alarmed, a veteran trade-journal editor—one of those fellows who have the ability to make money for other people—got an idea. Why not get the opposing forces together around the banquet board? he asked. The toastmaster, he thought, ought to be someone who knew exactly nothing about the grocery business and its problems and not too much about anything else.

HIS plan carried. The factions sat down as one, applied themselves heartily to some palatable victuals, soon began chaffing each other and laughing at, and sometimes with, the toastmaster who matched the editor's specifications. Before the evening was over, each side had heard the other's views, had made concessions, and together they arranged for formal interment of the hatchet.

One of the prime prides of my after-hours career as a dinner speaker is that I was that toastmaster. I knew nothing about groceries. Since then I have always held that if there is trouble between wholesalers and dealers, between the foreman and his men, or between the people west of the tracks and the people east, the old trade-journal editor's idea is worth considering. Get them together around the festive board.

But I don't mean to say that in aiming at good humor a banquet should be abandoned to banality. To do so is to leave a crowd at a loss to know why it has been grinning all evening . . . and hating itself for having done so. Who hasn't worn the banquet mask—that starchy grin that on the surface says, "Isn't everything lovely?" when obviously nothing is. After all, the prime purpose of an evening meeting, whether it's a big banquet or just bread and cheese and thou, is fellowship, and that comes only from real enjoyment.

At least once or twice you must have attended a banquet that went off with a bang. Well, it wasn't an accident. It required planning and timing. There were no offhand remarks by well-meaning folks who rose to assert they couldn't make a speech and then took 30 minutes to prove it.

The success of a dinner is not a matter of size, any more than is the success of any other wind instrument. The mighty tuba gets no further than an intermittent oom-pah-pah. The wee cornet rambles all over the scale, leads soldiers to victory . . . and audiences to homicide, sometimes.

Americans, everyone says, are great admirers of magnitude, of the merely immense. I find evidence for and against that claim in what happened at the preview of a famous motion picture, famous at least for the number of extras employed in its mob scenes. A dinner given by the director followed the screening. The guests, leaders in the arts, were called upon for opinions of the production. At one point the director turned to Lorado Taft, the late famed sculptor, and asked him what he thought of the sculpture in the show. Mr. Taft proved himself more than a sculptor. He was a diplomat.

"It is the largest sculpture I have ever seen," he replied. And the director beamed.

No, size is no item. A Rotary Club's ladies' night banquet—with 80 persons present at 50 cents a plate—may be a huge success, while the man who has just attended a 1,000-person, \$10-per-plate dinner in the metropolis may very likely have an \$8.80 rebate coming to him.

The thing to remember about banquets is that life is too serious a matter to be taken seriously—right after dinner. And if there must be a "message," it ought to be deftly sugar-coated and ought under no circumstances to jar the mellow mood of friendship.

Keep the Home Fires from Burning

By Selma Robinson

Sketches by Ray Inman



MOST of us think of fireproofing in terms of expensive construction or renovation. The man on a budget may wish that he had protection, but he thinks that he can't afford it.

That's where he's wrong. There are on the market today any number of new materials and appliances effectively designed to make the home safe, and the cost of these is well within the range of the average family. There are many instances of low-cost, fire-safe dwellings in the \$5,000 class, and the safety in small houses as well as large is achieved by careful attention to the whole problem and not merely by spending money.

Notable among the materials is a flame-stopping spray that has been used with great success on draperies, blankets, and rugs in hotels, ships, restaurants, and other public places. Fabrics and even paper which are treated with this solution will char at the touch of fire and the carbonization extinguishes the flame. The solution contains no sulphuric acid, lime, or strong chemical salts to injure or weaken fabrics; it has a base of ammonia

dibasic sulphide and it is impervious to dry cleaning. Its uses in the home are numerous; it will flameproof children's clothing, mattresses, curtains, hangings, and carpets so that they are safe from cigarettes and match or candle flames.

Paints have always been among the most combustible materials. Yet here is a paint that will actually smother flame. When it reaches danger heat, it throws off tiny bubbles of borax which harden to an enamel-like glaze.

For window, porch, and terrace awnings there is a chemically treated awning fabric which will resist those two terrible infants among fire causes, the smoldering cigarette and the match. This fire-resistant fabric is difficult to ignite and does not propagate flame, even when in drafts, beyond the area exposed to the source of fire, though a flameless or smoldering combustion may occur at the point of ignition. The treatment lasts as long as the fabric does.

Wood may be fuel for fire, but not when it is processed for fireproofing. A new and tested scheme by which

ammonium salts are applied under high pressure so protects wood that it will char, but not burn. The cost of using this wood is, in the long run, not great. On that basis it is relatively inexpensive protection. Even if wood is not used for construction throughout, it justifies the cost of trimming around doors, windows, and mantels, since it combines beauty with safety.

The heartening fact, as far as economy goes, is that the methods and materials of fire safety serve many other invaluable functions.

A four-inch layer of rock wool between your walls and under your roof, for example, will not only protect



Ordinary oak flooring burns readily (left); impregnated with incombustible salts, it merely chars.



New materials designed to fire-safe the home, as indicated in the diagram (at right), add little to long-run costs.

your house from outside fires, but will also insulate it against heat in Summer and excessive fuel costs in Winter. Asbestos siding and shingles for exterior walls and roofing may cost a little more than wood, but they are also weatherproof and flameproof and will never need painting.

Brick or mineral-wool fire stops placed at all floor levels to seal the space between outer and inner walls not only keep fires from rising between the walls, but also discourage rats and vermin. The cost of these stops at the time of building is negligible. Yet they block the free air circulation that robs your walls of warmth and gives vertical arteries to fire.

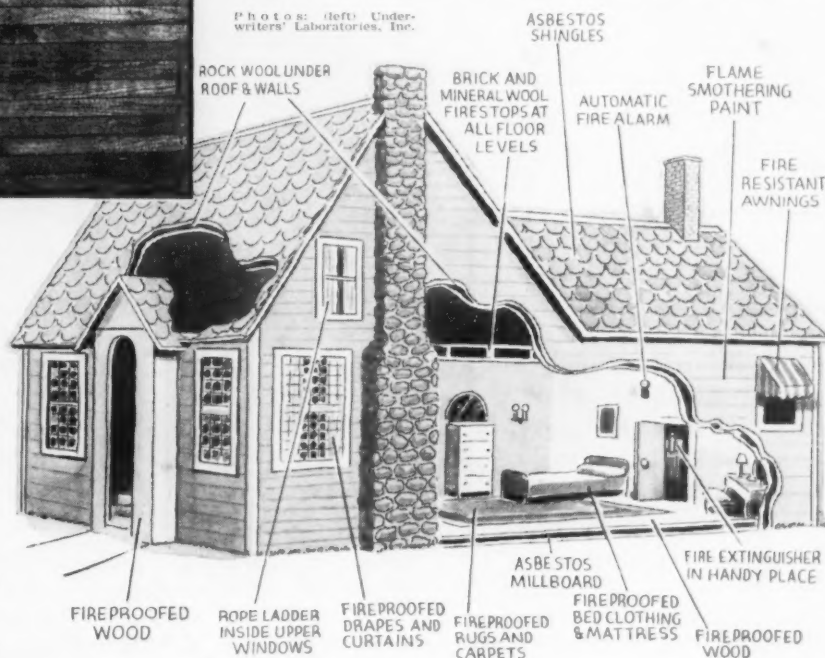
Another favorite avenue for fire is the narrow space between the subflooring and the finished floor, but here, too, an inexpensive, flakey asbestos paper, known as asbestos millboard, will seal the space and give insulation against fire, noise, and heat loss.

Two-thirds of the fires in the United States occur in private dwellings. Yet in most States the owner of a one- or two-family house is responsible only to his conscience, while the owner of an apartment house is compelled by law to secure the personal safety of his tenants, to provide adequate safety exits and fireproof floors, and to go to such extremes as building walls to withstand for four hours a fire of 2,000 degrees, actually blast-furnace heat.

Ordinances vary widely in municipalities. In many small cities, villages, and outlying districts there are no building codes at all—there may be zoning ordinances and fire ordinances, but most of them are neither sufficient nor suitable. In the large cities, where codes are more clearly defined and more severe, they are often more than ten years old and fail to keep pace with changing conditions. In towns where there are no building codes, the builder or contractor can build very much as he pleases, and in the country districts, with few exceptions, no one (except the mortgagor) bothers to inspect the construction at all.

Thus for the most part the private homeowner is left to work out for himself his own protection. With increasing complexity in building, he may need expert instruction to determine the chief threats of fire. In Providence, the State fire marshal of Rhode Island will send a department inspector to a home without charge to inspect the cellar, the fuse box, the heating plant, the

Photos: (left) Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.



chimney, and the attic and to advise the owner how to correct any existing fire faults. For 15 years Arlington, Massachusetts, whose fire chief is Rotarian Daniel B. Tierney, has had a similar annual checkup. In Cincinnati, Ohio; East Orange, New Jersey; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Memphis, Tennessee; Dallas, Texas; and numerous other centers, this voluntary cellar-to-roof inspection has reduced fire losses

impressively. In addition, hundreds of thousands of school children periodically inspect their own homes, using inspection blanks provided by various agencies. In Kansas City, Missouri, over a ten-year period, the annual number of dwelling-house fires was cut in two—the entire credit being given to work done by school children in conjunction with the local Safety Council.

The modern house, with its improved living conditions, has not served to eliminate fire hazards, but merely to change their source. Laborsaving devices, the increased use of mechanical appliances, and better heating methods have brought their own problems. And not the least among these is the one which has been created by household air conditioning. The same ducts, with their soundproof linings, the same power fan, the same ventilator that force friendly warm air into your rooms can spread fire as rapidly and as efficiently. Air-conditioning systems, with tunnels from the cellar to every room in the house, provide vertical arteries which can be highly dangerous in case of fire or escaping fumes.

In Los Angeles, California, a ten-story building was seriously damaged when fire from an adjacent structure was swept through the air-conditioning system. In the Times-Union Building in Rochester, New York, a spark which found its way to the ventilator communicated itself to the entire system. A minor rubbish fire near the intake of the air-conditioning equipment of Manhattan's Strand Theater was sucked in and set fire to the combustible soundproof lining in the ducts and shot superheated air like a blowtorch from every opening.

Obviously, the answer is not to eliminate air conditioning in the home, but to eliminate the hazards of inexperienced construction and inadequate materials. Electrical fires did not eliminate electricity; they have merely shown the necessity for an electric code covering all electric work. The National Board of Fire Underwriters recommends a code to offset fire hazards in domestic air conditioning. It advises the use of noncombustible linings in ducts to replace inflammable sound insulating material (a few manufacturers of heating equipment are now offering incombustible ducts); automatic dampers with fusible links at all joints throughout the duct system which will permit the dampers to close when the temperature is too high; an automatic shutdown for the fan in case of fire; a filter of spun glass or its consistency to replace the filter of steel wool soaked in mineral oil which burns readily. If there is a refrigerator unit for chilling the air in Summer air conditioning, it should be built outside the duct system and not filled with the toxic or combustible

gases which more than 90 percent of the systems use.

Adequate fire protection must not only discourage fire at the beginning; it must also afford a means of escape and give warning of its presence.

Few homes make use of automatic fire alarms. Yet they are most inexpensive, efficient, and easy to install. Any man can rig one up in a few minutes. The alarm goes off at 135 degrees, a temperature high enough to indicate trouble somewhere, and sets the bell ringing with a noise loud enough to wake the dead. Fire alarms are of two types. The remote alarms have a number of tiny stations set inconspicuously at any trouble point, the attic, the kitchen, the bedroom of an inveterate smoker, the stair well, with an alarm placed wherever you think you can hear it best, day or night. The other is a local alarm which sounds only at the source of the fire. These work either on your house current or on their own batteries; the dry-cell alarm would function even in an electrical fire that would, of course, cripple an electric alarm.

For escape, homes could easily have a rope ladder for upper bedrooms. Fire escapes are not only unsightly, but they are ineffective besides. Statistics prove them only 8 percent efficient. The rope ladder, on the other hand, is compact and inconspicuous. It rolls up to fit into a small corner of a closet. Actually it is not a fire escape at all, but a ship's ladder with wooden rungs strung on rope cables. It is available for \$7.50 in any shop selling marine goods. There is a rope fire escape that is considerably more expensive, a sort of sling on an automatic pulley that lets one down gradually and snaps back into place for the next customer. Many architects in designing new houses make provision for a built-in ring or hook under the window to which a rope ladder can be anchored.

Minor fires can be caught early through the many excellent types of fire extinguishers on the market if one knows the properties of each: the soda-acid mixture for quenching and cooling fire; the foam and the carbon-dioxide type for blanketing oil flames, the vaporizing carbon tetrachloride for electrical fires. Obviously, a pail of water that would quench a fire in a closet would do more harm than good in an electrical fire resulting from a short circuit. A simple, homely extinguisher that

will smother a grease fire in a kitchen is a small sandbox filled with sand or ashes.

Once you have taken every means to safeguard your home, you should, firemen say, familiarize yourself and your family with where they are and how to use them. Even if you don't hold fire drills, you should acquire a sort of fire etiquette so that you will not lose your head in case of an emergency. Then when you are house-and-letter perfect in fire protection, relax, and get a good night's sleep.



Cellar inspection by fire departments stresses elimination of possible causes of fire in the home.



Get Yourself a Wedge Job!

By **Walter B. Pitkin**

Psychologist and Author

YOUNG MAN, the next time you walk out of an employer's office with the old, old words ringing in your ears, "We can't use your services," look up a lumberjack and watch him work. (I wish there were more lumberjacks around town!)

He has to break up a huge log just felled. How does he go at it? Or he has to topple a mighty tree. What's his trick? Ax and wedge. Ax chops. Wedge splits.

A little slab of steel tapered to an edge four or five inches wide will crack the biggest log. It's the thin edge and the gentle taper that turn the trick.

Why not use the same device in cracking open the door of opportunity? Hunt for a wedge job. Master it. Master several.

To get a wedge job, develop an accessory skill. Well, what's that? It's high competence in a low field, first of all. Remember that. Big-toad-little-puddle stuff. Here's a common case.

Say you wish to become a business executive. You're only 20. Nobody wants 20-year-old executives these days. So what? You seek work which brings you into close contact with some man at or near the top. The work must be humble. But your skill at it must be, as the

Another chapter in the *How to Get a Start in Life* series—in which the lumberjack's tools suggest a method for the young job-seeker.

movie advertisements say, supercolossal, if not positively mastodontic.

"Big Shot" needs a top-notch private secretary. Private secretary needs a top-notch stenographer, and he prefers a man for many reasons. He'll be sure that no chewing gum will be sticking to the carbon sheets, and no lipstick will smear the copies of letters in the files. Yes, he wants a man. You are a man. So there.

You become big-toad-in-little-puddle stenographer and typist. You just burn up the keyboard. You aren't good—you're the five-star-final of the typists. Now you're next to the private secretary, and he's next to "Big Shot." This is your wedge job.

It's not your career. It's not your choice of a job. It's just plain smart. You'd be surprised at the number of "big shots" who started as aides to private secretaries, then became private secretaries, then executive secretaries, and so on up. Why? How? Simple!

If the boss sees you, he comes to know you. You're just a habit. Habits stick, if they're good. See?

High-grade executive work, you know, calls for supe-



rior personal service. And personal service means much communication. You talk with people. You write them letters. You give them advice. You fill orders for them. You send in reports to managers and clerks. In short, the more you serve people, the more you use language.

So the corollary is obvious. The fellow who has mastered such short cuts to the use of language as stenography, or speed writing, or operating a dictaphone has at his command a skill that is vital to the work of tens of thousands of offices, businesses, and professions.

LET him add to this largely mechanical skill a real interest in and understanding of the work going on around him, and he becomes an invaluable aid to all types of employers. Rotarian Kenneth H. Bixby, of Buffalo, New York, finds in his own employment work that competent stenographers who wish to assist executives have a better chance of working into important jobs than by beginning in almost any other capacity. The number of Grade-A male stenographers preparing for executive work is small. Yet they have an opportunity to learn about company trends and conditions that is hardly paralleled by the chances in almost any other subordinate

work. In time—always assuming the young man has higher abilities and ambitions—he knows enough about the inner workings of his organization to be prepared for responsible posts.

The top-notch stenographer does not murder the king's English. He spells and uses grammar and punctuation with 100 percent accuracy (aided by Noah Webster and a good textbook on grammar). He is speedy. He is willing to work overtime as much as necessary. (Many employers dislike asking women to work late into the evening; hence they prefer men.)

You can learn shorthand and typing at home alone—if you want to. And these skills you will find useful all your life.

Bookkeeping and accounting are good wedge skills. But they should be backed up by stenography, to take you furthest. You can pick up bookkeeping by yourself. But you will probably need instruction to master accounting, especially if you want to be a certified public accountant or a chartered accountant.

Combine stenography with a factory job to crack into manufacturing. Rotarian George S. Whyte, chairman of the board of a Wisconsin manufacturing concern, con-

firms me here. The factory job teaches you the details of plant operation. This knowledge, plus shorthand and typing, lifts you into an office job where you get to know the executives and the factory policies.

Use law as a wedge skill, if you're one of the impoverished young men still sighing for clients in a big city. Legal knowledge is one of the finest of wedges. You can use it in any business, humble or vast. Here's one way to do it. You can think up dozens of others.

Every week in every community and every State new legislation is being proposed and enacted that both helps and raises hob with hundreds of businesses and industries. Not a single businessman has the time to study this avalanche of bills and laws as they bear on his own affairs. Yet he may sink or swim because of them. Now you come in. You know how to read and interpret legislation, both proposed and enacted. You study its bearing on a business—oil, dairying, farming, iron and steel, grocery, cosmetics, retailing. You prepare a careful report to submit to some executive. You prove to him your usefulness. You create a job for yourself.

Have you skill in writing? Then use it to make business reports readable. Big organizations (and many little

ones, too) turn out tens of thousands of words of abstruse, highly technical, and utterly unreadable copy that are the purest Greek to everybody but the author and a few technical men. Yet they're addressed to company officials, stockholders, prospective investors in new enterprises, and the general public. You can write copy that any intelligent high-school boy understands. You make this your wedge skill. You study engineering reports; read technical magazines and scientific abstracts. You practice converting these into ordinary English. You learn how to explain highly technical matters in the simplest language. You draw up many samples useful to one or more technical businesses. Do this well, and writing skill becomes a high-class wedge into hundreds of careers.

YOU'VE DONE door-to-door selling. Or worked in a department store. Or you've been a grocery clerk. Here's another wedge, then. Experience in salesmanship leads to many promising careers. Why? Because in selling you learn what people want, what they can pay for, what they like and dislike about products offered. You get the "feel" of the common man and his interests as a consumer of common commodities. So what? So you find buyers of this wedge skill. They include advertisers, advertising agencies, consumer-research departments of large organizations, department stores, wholesalers, certain types of manufacturers—especially those having high turnover of style goods or goods whose appearance counts heavily in final sales.

Use photography as a wedge. Use it to break into aerial photography for prospecting, making maps, surveying, real-estate advertising, and, under certain conditions, taking over many of the functions of the old-style surveyor. Use it as a wedge to the growing field of selling by pictures—especially "foreign" salesmanship with both stills and movies. Use it in certain new types of window-display work. If you are skilled in or can learn X-ray photography, you can crack into dozens of technical fields.

Skill in mechanics sometimes serves as an odd wedge, and it is useful to break into many types of engineering and similar work. But here's how it landed a career for a friend of E. Leslie Pidgeon, of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, one of Rotary's Past Presidents, who got for the mechanic a three-week job cleaning machinery. "At the end of three weeks," predicted the

young man, "this firm will not be able to do without me." And he was right. In six months he was a department manager. I don't know his background or his abilities. But he must have backed up his wedge skill with the qualities needed for executive work. The point is that he took advantage of a slim wedge to create his chance.

I know a man whose architectural skill landed him an excellent career. He was talented, but not a graduate architect. So he used the wedge principle. He observed the ramshackle decrepitude of houses in his town taken over during the depression by the banks. Nobody would buy them or rent them. No one wants to live in a hen house. So the banks were stuck—and getting in deeper every month. The young man proposed to a bank officer that he clean up and remodel one of the deserted houses, just to show what he could do. If successful, he was to be put on a salary. If a failure, he'd clear out—and no hard feelings. Today he has all the redesigning work he can handle, at a fine salary. And the bank has been able to rent or sell most of the homes that only a few years ago were first-class "white elephants."

No skill, well mastered, is too slim or inconsequential to be laughed off, if you think hard enough about how to use it as a wedge. Use it ingeniously, not to begin at the bottom and work up, but to crack into the "big stuff" with a very small tool.



A Language Cut to Fit the World*

By Alice V. Morris

Honorary Secretary, International Auxiliary Language Association

DURING the first day or two of transatlantic telephone service just over a decade ago there were many costly delays. These hitches were not mechanical. The engineers had seen to that. In fact, no detail of perfect operation had been overlooked—save one, the vagaries of the English language.

Again and again the London operator asked, "Are you through, New York?" And each time her sister operator in Manhattan answered, "No, London. One moment, please!" Both were puzzled, for Miss London had merely meant to ask, "Have you made the connection?" Miss New York had thought she meant, "Has your party finished talking?"

An Englishman could ask at every garage in the United States for an antibounce clip, but he would probably find no one who would understand that he wanted a shock absorber. An American could ask everyone in Greater London for directions to a chain store—and would receive the same quizzical looks as would an Englishman in New York asking for a multiple shop.

Such difficulties among persons using the same language amuse us. But less amusing are the misunderstandings common among persons whose native tongues are different, who are obliged to talk in a "foreign" tongue or depend upon an interpreter.

The Argentinean, thanks to the science of communication, can hear the Alaskan, the Bostonian can talk to the Bulgarian—but that does not mean they can directly understand one another. The world still lacks a universal tongue—a common auxiliary language to serve everywhere as a means of direct communication between men of different tongues. Nearly everyone feels that lack, but especially does the scientist who wants to follow researches described in languages he cannot read; the movie producer who wishes to distribute his films in other lands; the radio broadcaster who is planning an international hookup; the Rotarian or anyone else who goes to an international convention equipped with but one language.

That dream of a universal language is not new. The 17th Century scholars sought symbols by which the intellectual wealth of nations could be brought to the learned. But the larger, less exclusive conception of a language for any man to use when he speaks with a fellow being of another tongue came much later. To it must be credited the creation of the constructed lan-

The search for a universal tongue goes on—in the vanguard a group of long-visioned men and women known for 14 years as 'IALA.'

guages of the last 50 years. It was this larger dream that caused the late John J. Carty, one of the great engineers of transoceanic telephony, to predict that a form of international language would some day come into use as a necessary complement to modern communication. But for General Carty and others that wasn't just a vague hope. It was a conviction—a goal that demanded work. And so a group of Americans in which he was numbered decided to organize the International Auxiliary Language Association, an organization which for 14 years has been working to establish an international language upon scientific foundations. The Association advocates a simple, regularly constructed language which will be secondary to all national languages and in conflict with none, and which will serve as a common medium of exchange of thought and diffusion of knowledge among peoples of different mother tongues. But let us postpone a closer look at the Association until later.

MENTION international languages to the man in the street, to anyone who has not studied the matter, and he will probably answer, "Oh, yes, Esperanto!" That is to be expected, for Esperanto, the creation of the Polish Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, has been in use for half a century and has thousands of enthusiastic adherents in many countries.†

Sixteen hundred Esperantists from more than 30 countries assembled in London just last Summer for their Universal Esperanto Congress. One heard only Esperanto spoken. Taxi drivers passed the time of day with delegates—in Esperanto. One sees the extent of the Esperanto movement in the fact that 99 periodicals are published regularly in that language, that treasures of literature have been translated into it, and that it has been taught in more than 1,000 schools in 40 nations.

But Esperanto is by no means the only language in the auxiliary field. More than 300 other systems share it. Some of these tongues are fantastic, some plausible. Most of them have never been put into use. But almost all of them represent tremendous effort on the part of their authors. And their existence gives evidence that the vision of a common language for world-wide use is persistent and impelling.

Besides Esperanto there are five other constructed languages which have won public attention—Ido, Esperanto-II, Occidental, Novial, and Latin without

* How an auxiliary language in universal use would promote general intelligence and understanding was described in an article, *Needed: A 'Spare-Tire' Language*, by Rotarian Walter D. Head in THE ROTARIAN for March, 1937. The article presented here, an extension of this earlier one, details the scientific efforts of the International Auxiliary Language Association to select and adapt such a tongue.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

† See *Esperanto—The Ideal Auxiliary Language?*, debate-of-the-month, Karl Von Frenckell and B. H. Dawson, October, 1934, ROTARIAN.

flexions. While their use is not widespread, it is sufficient to show that they are adequate for conversation and publication. Each has its fervent advocates. Like Esperanto all have regular grammars and vocabularies based on Indo-European languages. Ido embodies certain reforms of Esperanto proposed by the French Marquis de Beaufront, and adopted by an international committee under the chairmanship of Professor W. Ostwald in 1908. Esperanto-II is a scheme for adapting Esperanto and was promulgated by Dr. René de Saussure, of Switzerland.

While Esperanto, Esperanto-II, and Ido bear an obvious family likeness, Occidental, advocated since 1922 by the Estonian Edgar von Wahl, grew out of efforts to construct a more "natural" simplified language. Novial, of which the author Professor Otto Jespersen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, published the first treatise in 1928, seeks to reconcile certain tendencies of Ido and Occidental while embodying a number of fresh features. Latin without flexions, propagated since 1903 by the

six auxiliary languages, reveals even to unpracticed eyes the similarity of the systems:

English: Of the things that mankind possesses in common, nothing is so truly universal and international as science.

Esperanto: El la komunaj posedaĵoj de la homaro, neniu estas tiel vere ĝenerala kaj internacia kiel la scienco.

Esperanto-II: El la komuna posedaĵoj de la homaro, navi estas tiel vere ĝenerala ey internacia ki la scienco.

Ido: Del kozi, quin la homaro posedas komune, nula es tam vere universala ed internaciona kam la cienco.

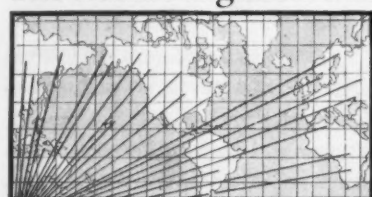
Novial: Ek li coses kel li homaro posece comunim, nuli es tam verim general e international kam li scientie.

Occidental: De omni comun posedages del homanité niun es tam vermen general e international, quam scientie.

Latin without flexions (Interlingua): De commune possessiones de genere humano, nihil es tam generale et internationale quam scientia.

But let us look further at the organization so deeply concerned with the search for a world language, at its origins and reasons for being. The conviction that scientific knowledge should know no national frontiers led

The World Neighborhood



International conferences which yearly bring together nationals of many countries for cooperation in almost every field of human concern have brought a greater consciousness of language barriers than ever before.

Large Rotary Meetings



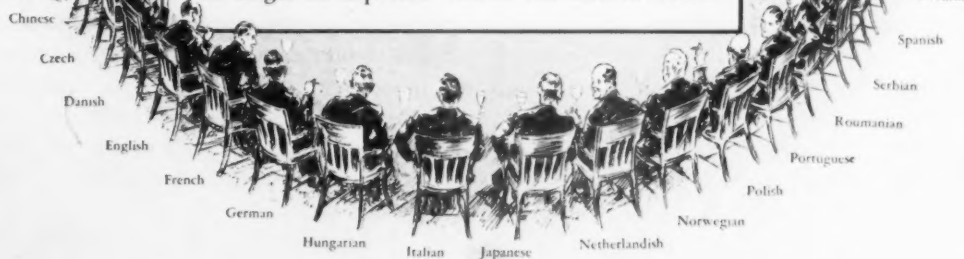
The dynamic urge of the auxiliary language movement has become the symbol of harmonious relationship between nationalism and internationalism.

Small Rotary Meetings



An auxiliary world language would serve as a medium of direct communication between people of different mother tongues.

The establishment of a simply constructed yet richly expressive world language as a means of direct communication between people of different mother tongues would be a benefit to humanity that should no longer be dispensed with in this modern world.



The barrier of language is common in Rotary's ken, and to efforts to circumvent it through an auxiliary tongue the movement has long given aid. What a "spare-tire language" would mean to such groups as Rotary is diagrammed above.

Italian mathematician and logician Professor G. Peano, is what its name implies. It uses classical Latin stem forms, supplemented by a certain number of modern international words, and almost completely discards grammatical paraphernalia.

The following sentence,* translated into each of the

the International Research Council in 1919 to call for an investigation of the question of an international language for science. Dr. Frederick Gardner Cottrell, a chemist of world renown, was made chairman of a committee to consider the subject. His committee found that the problem was subtle and had so many angles that it should be given long, intensive study by a permanent body. Dr. Cottrell interested a group of Americans

* Translated from the original German text of *Die Forderung des Tages*, W. Ostwald, Leipzig, 1910.

whose experience in international life made it patent to them how much a simple, direct international medium of speech was needed to aid in the many kinds of intellectual and social coöperation undertaken to rehabilitate a war-wrecked world. They then organized and incorporated the International Auxiliary Language Association in 1924. Today the Association is generally known as IALA, which is pronounced ee-ah'-lah.*

From the start, IALA has had two goals: the first, to select or adapt a constructed language of demonstrated usefulness; the second, to establish its worldwide use as an auxiliary tongue. Two primary reasons dictated this program. No national language can be expected to be permanently acceptable to all nations as the officially recognized world language. The

political situation of the present day bears witness to this realistic premise. But even if one could ignore this aspect of nationalistic jealousies, none of the national languages would be perfectly adaptable to the rôle of auxiliary world language. All are too difficult for the busy man or woman to learn to use correctly.

IALA's first task was to secure the coöperation of leaders of the groups supporting the several constructed language systems—namely, interlinguists—and to gain the sympathetic interest of distinguished linguists, most of whom had thought of the auxiliary-language movement as outside their province. Response was prompt and favorable.

CONVENED by IALA at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1930, a conference of linguists and interlinguists mapped a detailed program of linguistic research. Never before had so many factions of the auxiliary-language movement been brought into contact with experts in the

* The directors of IALA represent many different fields of interest: Acting president, Dr. John H. Finley, editor of the *New York Times*; honorary secretary, Mrs. Dave H. Morris, member of World's Council, Y.W.C.A.; secretary, John V. Irwin, lawyer of New York City; treasurer, Dave H. Morris, former American Ambassador to Belgium; LeRoy E. Bowman, director of United Parents Associations of New York City; Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, president of Research Associates, Inc.; Dr. Stephen Duggan, director of Institute of International Education; Harry Edmonds, founder and former director of International House, New York; Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, past president of Society of Motion Picture Engineers; Henry Goddard Leach, editor of *The Forum*; Dr. Paul Monroe, president of World Federation of Education Associations; Frederick Osborn, special partner of G. M. P. Murphy & Co., New York City; Mrs. Harold Peabody, Boston; Thomas J. Watson, president of International Business Machines Corporation.

IALA has organized advisory boards for the various phases of its work on which serve such eminent Americans as W. Hallam Tuck, a director of the Allied Chemical Corporation, who is vice-chairman of IALA's Executive Committee in Europe; Major General James G. Harbord, chairman of the board of Radio Corporation of America, who is chairman of IALA's Budget Committee; Professor Edward L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, member of IALA's Advisory Board for Educational Research; Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, member of IALA's General Advisory Committee.



M. Duperrey "listens in" to the interpreter at an International Assembly, but need not for he uses effectively eight languages.



Translators at Rotary's International Assemblies may no longer be needed if an auxiliary language is adopted and employed generally.

science of language for friendly discussion of procedures for coöperation. This plan for a laboratory approach to find the most suitable form of international language was submitted to the Second International Congress of Linguists, and received its sympathy and general approval. Since then many of the members of that professional body have agreed to act as consultants on IALA's work. Some investigations by specialists have been completed

and others are under way, concerned with the structural features, vocabularies, and typical habits of expression of the most widely used national languages. Similar examinations are being made of the six international languages previously mentioned.

By 1935, IALA's directors were ready with a Plan for Obtaining Agreement on an Auxiliary World Language which had been drawn up in consultation with nationals of 12 countries.

Under its operation, IALA has established contacts with international and national organizations and with ministries of education. It has also brought together linguists and interlinguists in frequent conference for the purpose of laying out specifications for the international language, of agreeing upon what further studies are requisite for applying the specifications, and, finally, of agreeing upon all details of the language which IALA will recommend.

IALA's Committee for Agreement, which is directing the Plan, is international. The chairman is Professor Albert Debrunner, of Switzerland. He is professor of Indo-European linguistics and classical philology at the University of Berne. Second member is Professor William E. Collinson, an Englishman. He has been professor of German at Liverpool University since 1914 and is also honorary lecturer in comparative philology. Professor Joseph Vendryès, the third member, is dean of the faculty of letters of the University of Paris. Professor Nicolaas van Wijk, the fourth member, is professor of Baltic and Slavonic languages in the University of Leiden.

William de Cock Buning, of The Hague, and a Past Director of Rotary International, is so much interested in the work of the Committee that he has served on it for more than two years, first as its secretary and now as vice-chairman. He became convinced of the need for an auxiliary language during the years he spent in The Netherlands East Indies in business. The honorary secretary of IALA is the American member of the Committee.

The findings of the Committee are followed up and integrated by IALA's technical staff, working at Liverpool University.

What are some of the specifications which an inter-

national language should follow? Here are a few as listed by the Committee for Agreement:

The structure shall be logical, regular, and not dependent upon the characteristics of particular ethnic languages.

The orthography shall be simple and clear.

The vocabulary shall be based primarily upon West European languages, with preferential treatment for roots found in both Romanic languages and English as well as English and German. Latin prototypes shall be given preference over their Neo-Latin descendants.

The principle of "one word to a meaning and one meaning to a word" shall be followed to the fullest extent practicable.

International words are to be taken over as far as possible unchanged, but care shall be taken to adopt them with such minor adjustment as will avoid disturbing the general character of the international language.

THE last stage in determining the language which IALA will recommend is to be carried out by the projected International Language Institute which IALA will organize as soon as all research findings are complete. It is hoped that the Institute will complete its task by the end of 1941.

While this technical work is going forward, IALA is endeavoring to secure the coöperation of international organizations which, by the nature of their internationality of membership, are concerned with the language situation. Informal conferences have been held by representatives of IALA with officers and staff members of many groups of men and women who are organized on a world scale for work in special fields.

IALA will rely on the coöperation of the many international organizations and other bodies concerned with international life for fostering the use of the international language which will be agreed upon.

Rotary International has for some years given attention to the pressing need in human society for a common language for use when mother tongues limit the exchange of ideas between men of different nationalities, and has expressed interest in IALA's program for meeting that need. For two successive years its Presidents have appointed committees for conference with IALA. The members of the Committee appointed in July, 1938, are Chairman Ritchie Lawrie, Jr., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; George D. Hegarty, Waterville, Maine; Jerzy Loth, Warsaw, Poland; Frank Phillips, Ithaca, New York; Herbert Schofield, Loughborough, England. Dr. Schofield was an observer at the conference called by IALA's Committee for Agreement at The Hague in July, 1938.

Rotarians who are serving on IALA's Committee on Coöperation with Rotary are Dr. Walter D. Head, Montclair, New Jersey, chairman; Colonel L. Effingham de Forest and Winthrop R. Howard, New York City, New York; Ed. R. Johnson, Roanoke, Virginia; C. Reeve Vanneman, Albany, New York.

The idea which meets with skepticism today becomes the commonplace of tomorrow. When IALA began its work, radio was in its infancy. When we listened to the local programs then on the air, we could not have imagined that within the next decade we would be able to tune in on speeches in many languages from the capitals of the world. Those who are advocating the establishment of a politically neutral and simply constructed language may now appear visionary to the public mind, but perhaps the time may not be so distant when an auxiliary world language will be a familiar modern convenience.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Publications of IALA can be obtained from its headquarters, Room 2450, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Present at the July meeting in The Netherlands of IALA's Committee for Agreement on an auxiliary language—in which Rotary has evinced interest in many ways—were Vice-Chairman Wm. de Cock Buning (extreme left), of The Netherlands, and Dr. Herbert Schofield (fifth from right), of England, both Past Directors of Rotary International.



The ROTARIAN

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

The News Is Peace

PEACE. That is the news of the month . . . or of the decade. A few weeks ago, war for all Europe, if not for all the world, held heavy odds. But Mars lost. He lost at a conference table in the foothills of the Alps.

No need to retell the story. Press, radio, and cinema have told it amply, and every man, in these days his own historian, has recorded it at least in memory. To the four national leaders who vetoed war on September 29 went a wave of gratitude. Rotary's President, George C. Hager, then in Europe, added his voice. In a radiogram to Rotary's Secretariat sent from Zurich, Switzerland, on September 30, he said:

"To all four statesmen who met at Munich, I, as President of Rotary International, conveyed the grateful appreciation of 200,000 Rotarians for restoring through the conference confidence and peace."

President Hager does not misinterpret the Rotarian's will to peace. The enlightened businessman wants peace. He scorns the operator who dreams of war-boom profits. That businessmen of the world profit more from peace than war is just commonsense to him—but it is more: it is a motivating principle. The Service-above-Self ideal to which the Rotarian subscribes breeds action for the good of all—of which war is the diametric opposite.

But while the world has won a breathing spell, it wonders about the future. "The enormous effort that war involves," says José Ortega y Gasset elsewhere in these pages, "can only be spared us if the peace we seek means an effort still greater, a system of highly complicated efforts which in part requires the successful intervention of genius." Can the world put forth that greater effort? Has it that genius?

Intellectual Groceries

WHEN your wife goes to the grocery store, she turns up her nose at stale bread, tainted fish, mildewed vegetables. So she should, for there's no sense in buying indigestion. But take ten minutes some day to visit

your public library, where you and your children get some of your intellectual groceries. Is the merchandise fresh there?

Look over the books on vocations, for example. How many are there, when were they published, what is their condition? You may be startled by their inadequacy and antiquity. Yet young people depend upon them for information about your profession and others.

What can be done about it? Scores of Rotary Clubs all the way from Colwyn Bay, Wales, to Torrance, California, have an answer for that. Set up a Rotary vocational bookshelf—as they have done. On a prominent, plainly labelled shelf in the school or public library each Club member places an authoritative book or two concerning his vocation. The young career-seekers do the rest. Librarians—need it be said?—like the idea very much, too.

That season when one's impulse to give reaches its yearly maximum comes on apace. It could take few worthier directions, these scores of Clubs would say, than toward a vocational bookshelf. Fresh groceries—for the stomach and for the intellect. Young folks need both.

The 'Giftie Gies'

IS THE American tempo a myth? Visitors from other lands have begun to think so. New York or Winnipeg breeds no more neuroses than Liverpool or Yokohama, they say. Rotarian Cyril Heddle, of Dartford, England, told his Rotary Club he found that true on a recent North American tour. But he found so much else true as to make his remarks—as reported in his Club's bulletin—a fascinating contribution to the literature of Rotary's International Service Object, of which they are indeed the essence. Now and then, in bits like this, the "giftie" relents and lets Americans "see oursel's as others see us!"

" . . . Rotarian Heddle found the average American a calm and placid man, and not full of hustle and bustle as is commonly supposed. . . . The Americans still thought much about the War debts. . . . He said he had visited Washington, with its beautiful buildings, the White House, Govern-

ment buildings, Lincoln's statue, etc. In Chicago he saw the workings of their radio system, and felt proud of the British Broadcasting Company in that they barred advertisements from the air. He saw Wrigley's Building with its miles of plate glass. Rotarian Heddle gave a very vivid description of the Grand Canyon and described it as one of the seven wonders of the world. For peace and quiet he then proceeded to Los Angeles with its wide streets, one of which is 28 miles long without a turning. They visited Beverly Hills, and saw the beautiful home of Shirley Temple with its armed guard! On behalf of the Club he presented a flag to the North Hollywood Club. . . . California had the most perfect climate in the world. Its first industry was oil; its second, films. A feature of California and other parts of the States was the 24-hour markets; there was no half holiday in the States. In the criminal court they saw the judge in a sleeveless gown and counsel in a tweed suit without any gown. The most modern prison in the world was in California, on the 13th floor of a block of business premises, holding over 2,000 prisoners. At San Francisco, where the Convention was held, 10,000 Rotarians and members of their families were present. Rotarian Heddle said he was privileged to hear the Founder, Paul Harris, address one meeting. . . . He presented another flag to the Studio City Club. Prices seemed very high, and as much as 28/— was charged for bed and breakfast. Hair trim and boots cleaned cost 3/4d. After San Francisco they visited Seattle, which is number 4 Club of Rotary International. On to Vancouver. . . . Over the Rockies to Banff, where President Almy was initiated into the Presidency by Tom Warren in true Red Indian fashion! Past President Heddle said he was disappointed with the Niagara Falls. In New York he visited the Empire State Building, and the Bowery, returning on the *Queen Mary* with Eddie Cantor as a fellow passenger, so completing a never-to-be-forgotten trip."

Passport to Friendship

HERE IS a Connecticut Rotarian who has visited 414 Rotary Clubs. In Missouri is another Rotarian who has dropped in at 227 Clubs. Both say they consider these merely good starts. Rare is the member who hasn't visited two, three, or a dozen Clubs besides his own.

But why do it? Well, if they're travelling men, it is a handy way to make up attendance, but that is not their best reason. They know that the surest way to gain a broader perspective of Rotary is to visit other Clubs. Such contacts stimulate the visitors and the visited to realize Rotary's opportunities in many spheres of service.

Visiting other Clubs widens the Rotarian's circle of friends, for that circle of friendship draws others in, shuts no one out. In Rotary there are no strangers, no "foreigners," for here is a fellowship that knows no boundaries. And there's no better way to meet other Rotarians man to man than at Club meetings.

Rotary Clubs want such visitors. They make special, sometimes unique, bids to Rotarians' interest as a service to visitors. In Arnhem, The Netherlands, and Durham, North Carolina, they provide a special room in which visiting Rotarians may meet friends or transact business. In Denmark the Clubs have members ready to show

guests about their cities. Last Spring the Clubs of Marysville, Oroville, Quincy, and Portola—all in California—invited Convention-going delegates to their special programs. Nor will guests of Clubs in Glasgow, Scotland; Canterbury, England; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, forget the hospitality with which they were received.

"The Rotary badge is an international passport. It is a hundredfold more useful than a Government passport. It is a promissory note of friendship which is negotiable anywhere and at all times," says the bulletin of the Newcastle Club in England. Whether the Rotarian visits a Club 12 or 12,000 miles from home, his Rotary button is the "open sesame" to new horizons, new friendships.

Look behind the Label

IN HIS BOOK *The Tyranny of Words*, Stuart Chase warns against thinking in labels. Too often, he suggests, we put people in Procrustean categories, assuming that all Scotsmen, or all landlords, or all politicians are alike. And having neatly classified them, we make no effort to detect significant differences within the groups to which we assign them.

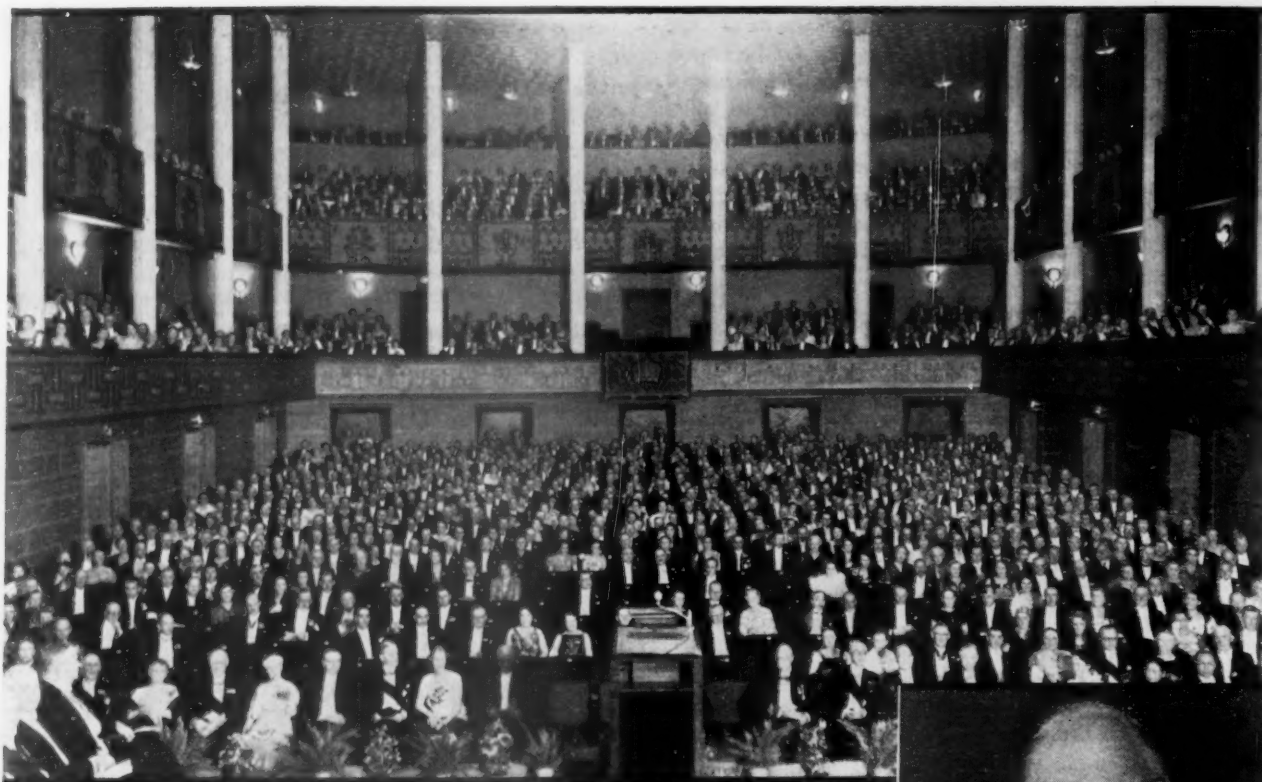
The word "Rotarian," too, suffers some abuse from this fallacy. Here, for example, are ten men, all Rotarians. Not a few persons would assert that, therefore, all ten are pretty much alike. But they are not. Instead they are men of unusual diversity of interest and experience. Rotary, in fact, long has recognized the versatility of its members as one of its greatest strengths. For a sample of true variety take a cross-sectional view of any Rotary Club such as a survey of the Rotary Club of Mesa, Arizona, afforded. This is what it showed:

Mesa's 50 Rotarians came from 24 States, from England, France, The Netherlands, Mexico, Ireland, and Canada. Some of them have travelled about the world and speak several languages fluently. Some didn't finish elementary school. Thirty-three went to college, a few got Ph.D. degrees. Among them are Phi Beta Kappas and star athletes.

Talk shop with these men and you may find yourself discussing crooning or photography, dude ranching or cotton growing, beet-seed production or cattle raising. One man owns a city block; another, 12,000 sheep. You may pass the time of day with an editor, author, artist, citrus grower, State Senator, college president, or State superintendent of public instruction.

Move into the realm of recreation and you'll find they favor fishing, hunting, bridge, poker, horse racing, music, dramatics, archeology, prospecting, horticulture, scrapbooks, motorboating, and branding-iron collecting.

Stereotypes? Carbon copies? Not these Rotarians! They go to different churches, attend different lodges, vote different tickets, and think, talk, laugh, eat, and work differently. Yet Mesa Rotarians and all Rotarians share one similarity—their deep conviction that upon the base of good fellowship they can help to build finer businesses, happier communities, and a more secure world.



Photos: (above) Magnuson Svensson; (right) A. B. Text & Bilder

72 Hours in Stockholm

Reporting on the Regional Conference which drew 1,500 Rotarians and ladies from 28 lands.

IS IT SAFE to leave home? Back in the last weeks of August many a European Rotarian's family pondered that question. Father and Mother yearned to go to Stockholm, Sweden, for the great Rotary Conference to be held there soon. But should they go in times so tense and peril-fraught?

How they answered that question can be read in a figure. Rotarians and their ladies to the number of 1,500 were on hand when the Fourth Regional Conference for Rotarians of the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Region was called to order in "the Venice of the North" on September 2. (The Third Regional Conference had been held in Venice, "the Queen of the Adriatic," in 1935.)

And all through the three fine days one heard people saying, "We're indeed glad we came." For merely to be a part of this gathering of friends from 28 lands seemed to lend impetus to a force that would help in at least a small way to hold together a world then seemingly bent on hurling itself apart.

Stockholm . . . perhaps no finer setting could have been found than this

industrious yet tranquil capital city between whose hills long arms of the sea cut beautiful channels. Throughout the meeting one felt the reflection of Stockholm's warm nature.

Delegates began to arrive on Thursday, the day before the Conference was to start. More came early Friday . . . and so punctillious were the arrangements of Stockholm Rotarians that by 11 o'clock on Friday morning nearly all registrations had been made and badges and tickets issued, and the Conference was ready for a sight-seeing tour of the city and its environs. After luncheon came the first social event, a tea at the park at Skansen, one of Sweden's national monuments. Here stand more than 100 old houses and churches and other buildings gathered from all parts of the country and restored to tell in graphic manner the progress and achievements of the Swedish people during the last 500 years.

Evening brought the opening plenary session . . . held in one of Europe's most modern and attractive concert halls, and the occasion was graced by the presence of H.R.H. Prince Wilhelm and many members of the Swedish Govern-



ment and diplomatic corps and their ladies. The mood of the meeting was set by a *Rotary Festival Overture* composed in honor of the Conference by Rotarian Einar Ralf, conductor of the Stockholm Symphony Orchestra, and played publicly for the first time.

Then came addresses of welcome from Governor E. W. Peyron, of Rotary District 78 (Sweden), and from Rotarian Torsten Nothin, Governor General of Stockholm. Kurt Belfrage, a Past International Director and Past District Governor, the Chairman of the Conference, presented the festival address.

H.R.H. the Crown Prince Gustav Adolf, Honorary Governor of the Swedish Rotary District, was prevented by illness from attending this session, but sent a message of greeting, in which he said:

Without unduly exaggerating the importance of our movement, I think we are entitled to say

that the advancement of that spirit of goodwill, of fair dealing, and of friendship, which is the leading principle of Rotary International, might well be lent a helping hand by our members. In any case, however limited such action may be, however slow the results, clearly it seems to me to be the duty of us all to do what we can in this respect. For what will be the future of our world, what will become of our civilization, if frontiers are to be like watertight barriers, bristling with every modern implement of war? And inside these enclosures the nations all too easily form the most distorted ideas of their neighbors. No subject could be a more important one for your deliberations at this moment.

At 10:30 that evening 1,500 persons sat down to enjoy the official banquet at the Grand Hotel Royal. Present again were Prince Wilhelm and ministers of Sweden and members of the diplomatic corps and their ladies. Dancing held forth until 2 A. M.

Saturday morning brought the second plenary session at the Concert House, at

Dr. Edward Hambro, of Oslo, Norway, treating international coöperation from the historical point of view, said:

Many people believe still in science, in intelligence, in reason and organization, as the remedies against chaos. They hope that historians and lawyers, economists and diplomats, may save the world. It is often forgotten that they are but the servants. They can do nothing when the demand is not there. . . . What we need most desperately today are people with sufficient imagination to see the whole picture and with courage and endurance enough never to lose hope. We need to change the mentality of the world. And the work is going to be hard. The sinister forces of ignorance and prejudice are very strong.

Then came an address on international coöperation from the economic point of view by Rotarian Olaf Hedegaard, general manager of the Copenhagen Bank of Commerce at Copenhagen, Denmark, who left with the Rotarians this message:

Seek out and talk with Rotarians in other countries; become acquainted with the condi-

and you will suffer disappointments, but then you must be content with the knowledge of having done your share to create better economic conditions in the world.

International coöperation from the cultural point of view was the theme of the final address of the morning delivered by Professor Yrjö Hirn, of Helsingfors, Finland. He said in part:

Recent experience has taught us that political



Photos: (above) Nordisk Rotogravyr; (right, above) Karl Sandels; (below) Dagens Nyheter

Amid friendly formality the Conference opens (opposite page), and Chairman Kurt Belfrage offers the address. . . . (Above) Prince Wilhelm greets President and Mrs. George Hager; Rotarians Belfrage and Wm. de Cock Buning look on.

which the subject of all the addresses was *International Coöperation*. First to speak was Rotary's international President, George C. Hager, of Chicago, Illinois, who, with Mrs. Hager, was present throughout the Conference. His theme laid stress upon the fact that:

Our greatest social task is somehow to create a brotherhood spirit that can bridge the social chasms as the machine has bridged our geographical space, and in order to do that, of course, we must have information. We ought to hear all sides of questions and hear about the other nations. We should try to put ourselves in the other fellow's place. When we attempt to practice this Golden Rule philosophy, it often means irritation to ourselves. We do not have imagination enough—we frequently do not have tolerance enough—to put ourselves in the other fellow's place. It takes actual coöperation to beget mutual reverence for personalities.

tions elsewhere through discussions and personal study, and try gradually to get the responsible men in your own country to look upon the conditions in other countries with the right understanding. But that can only be accomplished if each of us realizes that if faith and confidence in others again are to be created in mankind, then we must ourselves meet others in good faith and with the will to make our information as correct and exhaustive as possible. Let the British principle that nobody is a criminal as long as the opposite has not been proved be the ruling one; believe in Rotarians from other countries; meet them with optimism, wishing that you will succeed in the task you have undertaken. Realize that you cannot create optimism and confidence in others if you are diffident and uncertain yourself and lack faith in a good result. Believing in the Rotary ideal you must be candid and honest and then you have the right to expect frankness and honesty in others. Perhaps your faith will not be justified



At every turn in Skansen were picturesque camera subjects: (above) girls in native costume; (below) a relic of Sweden's age-old home industry.





Photo: A. B. Test & Hilder

The pillared Throne Room of the Royal Palace was the magnificent setting of a tea which His Majesty King Gustav V tendered Rotarians and their ladies.

international coöperation—the desirability of which is recognized by all peoples—has been impeded by the insistence of some on maintaining unlimited sovereignty. In no wise will I identify intellectual coöperation with that in the political realm, but I dare affirm that one of these spheres is dependent upon the other. . . . For my purpose it suffices to state a few facts: firstly, that account must be taken of the unfortunate tendency toward self-limitation, an instinct of isolation, so to say, which in many cases impedes intellectual coöperation between nations; secondly, that such tendencies and instincts make themselves felt all the more powerfully when political divergencies or conflicts create hostile feelings between the nations.

Group meetings, the groups being established on the basis of language, filled the early hours of Saturday afternoon. Discussions were related to the addresses at the morning session. Then Rotarians and their ladies were given an opportunity to visit the Royal Palace and a tea was offered in the Throne Room by His Majesty King Gustav V.

Stockholm is proud of its vast new City Hall—and with every reason. Its fine room of gold mosaic and dark green marble and its lofty ceilinged baronial ballroom, reached by a grand staircase which leads down from the banquet hall, make the structure an unforgettable sight. Here the city tendered the Conference an official banquet with table decorations of golden candelabra and a profusion of gladioli, dahlias, and other flowers, all in the colors customarily found in bright Autumn leaves. The almost invariable comment of guests was that this was the most striking and lovely banquet setting they had even seen. Because the Golden Room could not accommodate all the Conference-goers, Rotarians of Stockholm entertained in their

homes at the same hour and then all joined in the dancing in the ballroom.

Came Sunday morning . . . and many Rotarians arose to attend divine services especially arranged in their behalf at several of the churches in Stockholm. Then they gathered once more in the Concert House for a final session of the Conference. Rotarian Axel F. Enström, director of the Swedish Academy of Engineering Science, turned the mind of the audience upon the subject *Mass Psychology and Peace*. In concluding he said:

If the individual by teaching and example shapes his life on the basis of such conditions that he admits and gives himself the trouble of understanding the right in other's interests, not pushing his own interests to the full, but only so far as not to damage the interests of his fellowmen, being willing above all to give of himself and of his services to his neighbors and to the community in which he has been placed, then indeed does he make a positive contribution from the part to the whole; by acting thus and by seeking through persuasion to induce others to act in the same way he can actively collaborate in the formation of a less selfish and more generous attitude in the soul of the mass. . . . This is the way in which I see the importance of the extension of the Rotary movement throughout the world for bringing about that conflicting interests of nations could be settled without war.

Chairman Belfrage closed the session with an address in which he pointed out:

It may well seem hopeless in our days to preach the word of unselfish service and desire for understanding, but Rotary men can reply calmly: It may be true that the soil at the moment is hardly favorable for our work, but let that not dismay us. Rotary works and can only work with the long view. However distressing it may be, we cannot expect to see immediate results. With our work it is as with Nature. For long dreary months the ground lies bare, barren, and black, all appears dead

and hopeless, nothing seems to give promise of change; but at last when least anticipated the first modest buds, leaves, and blooms begin to show themselves. Spring has come. The long heavy work of germination and preparation has not been in vain. Imbued with such a knowledge we Rotarians must go forward with our work. With such a spirit it is not possible to be a pessimist.

Excursions, each different and each delightful, filled the hours of Sunday afternoon. One group went by steamer to Drottningholm Palace, the Summer residence of the King, where they visited both the Palace and the 18th Century theater, which possesses still well-preserved scenery from that period. Tea was served in the foyer, which is only rarely open to the public. Another group sailed for an hour and a half through the beautiful archipelago of Stockholm to Saltsjöbaden, a resort famous for its bathing, yachting, and Summer sports. Still another group drove in the Royal Park of Djurgården and visited the art gallery and private garden of H.R.H. Prince Eugen, the King's brother.

In the evening of this last day the group was again divided, about 600 attending a gala performance at the Royal Opera and the remainder enjoying a Swedish Evening at the Concert House. Here were presented Swedish songs by a student choir, a gymnastic performance by a group of young Swedish girls and by a group from the Y.M.C.A. Most colorful were the folk dances by 100 members of the "Friends of Swedish Folk Dancing," all in gay and parti-colored costumes. As a final picture of modern industrial life in Sweden, H.R.H. Prince Wilhelm made an address which was supplemented by moving pictures.

NO MORE word picture can convey a true impression of the delightful entertainment provided those who attended this Fourth Regional Conference nor describe adequately the benefits derived from the addresses. But important and significant as these were, one thing counted more—the renewal of old international friendships, the birth of new ones. For to the Rotarian the best way to develop world-wide understanding—even though not a dramatic or sudden way—is through the creation and preservation of friendships with Rotarians of countries other than his own. Difficult as it had been for many to make the decision to attend—Europe's nerves being as taut as they were—all felt that the result had far exceeded the effort, that each Conference goer had gained much in inspiration and goodwill, and that Rotary had achieved much—much that could not be measured, but that would nonetheless be felt in days to come.

Don't Be Afraid to Applaud!

By Harry A. Mutchmor
Rotary Club of Estevan, Saskatchewan, Canada

IF THE average Rotarian were asked the most important means provided by the weekly meeting to give expression to that fine fellowship which is our worthy pride, his answer would not be long in coming. The address of the day, the Club reports, the conversation at the table, the clever repartee, and, by all means, the singing—these he would certainly list. But if he stopped there, his statement would be incomplete. He would have omitted applause—as much a tool of good fellowship as singing.

Applause is an institution well rooted in history. The rhetoricians of the Greek school outdid themselves to achieve the sign of popularity evidenced in hearty applause. Philostratus, the prose writer, referring to the sophist, reported: "He is thrown off his extemporaneous discourse by a hearer with a grave face, by



tardy praise, and by withholding of the accustomed clapping of hands." Some of the early religious leaders imitated this extravagance. Hence applause was not infrequent in the early church.

Its use in political spheres is, of course, an accepted commonplace. No better example need be sought than in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The crown was offered to Caesar, but he rejected it and the crowd shouted approval, much, it is assumed, to Caesar's disgust. Thrice it was offered, thrice refused, thrice the mob



applauded vigorously. It was almost too much for Caesar.

Those who take delight in the chaste English prose of the essayist Joseph Addison will recall his essay about the trunk maker at the play—a mysterious character who installed himself in the upper gallery of the playhouse. He expressed his approbation "by a loud knock on the benches or wainscot." His blows were so well timed that the most judicious critic could not take exception to them. He saved many a good play and "brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of."

Indeed, let us turn from history with this quotation. It is applicable to Rotary surely. How many a graceful actor, or speaker, our encouraging applause has brought forth from our midst!

But it is instructive to watch our fellows making use of this disregarded leaven of fellowship. There are many ways to clap the hands. Here, for instance, is a member who rests one arm on the table and points a languid hand upward. The other hand swings through a gentle arc and delivers a dainty smack.

Over there is a member who does not strike hard enough to knock the ash off the weekly cigar of luxury. Across the table from him is the dreamer type, so busy cogitating about what has been said that he does not get started to applaud until all the rest are finished.

But yonder at the end of the room is the real artist. His virtues go unheralded, yet they are real. He invariably knows the exact moment to lead off. Most of us have been caught off base. It usually happens when a visiting musician en-



Illustrations by Arthur Lytle

thralls us with a composition which provides a long pause before the final flight. We always clap in that revered hush. The artist never does.

Life, however, seems to like contrasts, and so beside the artist is the slow eater still busy on his pie. Where would one find a more exciting moment than the second when, with fork poised, he makes a brave attempt to execute a one-handed clap with the assistance of table or knee?

Or, again, watch the man who is to speak next. He knows he must join the acclaim. It would look ungracious if he did not, and he himself will be looking for the same helpful stimulus all too soon, so it behooves him to do his share. But with his mind grappling with the problem as to whether the figure he is going to quote is a million or a billion, he may be excused if his heart is not in applause.

It is not this preoccupied victim, however, who brings delight. It is that man who, elbows swinging free, strikes palm on palm with the resounding whacks of goodwill. His sincerity is contagious and the clapping at his table improves noticeably during the period of the luncheon.

IAM no psychologist nor the seventh son of one, but the veriest amateur in the study of human nature is aware that this striking of the palms does something. It helps us to share the fellowship. We take a new interest in proceedings—we get a feeling that we are doing something to help. It is uplifting to the one acclaimed.

Yet there is a difficulty. Applause must be spontaneous, never forced. To applaud for effect, even worthy effect, is self-defeating. So true is this that possibly we should never have raised the issue. Perchance we should have taken warning from the experience of the hapless centipede. It was getting along well until maliciously asked as to which foot came after which. The resulting preoccupation put it in the ditch.

But risks notwithstanding, we have raised the question because our sense of justice makes us call attention to a slighted but important Rotary function.



As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest

PRESIDENT. As these pages went to press, Rotary's President, GEORGE C. HAGER, and MRS. HAGER had completed all but the homeward stretch of a two-month tour among Rotary Clubs of Europe. They were scheduled to sail from Southampton, England, on October 15, their first destination, Quebec, Que., Canada, and their final one, Chicago. The President's circuit led from the Northern countries (see page 42 for notes on his stop at the Regional Conference at Stockholm) down through the Baltic States, then into Central and Eastern Europe, and back into Western parts of the Continent and England.

Rio-ward in 1940? Rio de Janeiro, of the beautiful harbor, can accommodate Rotary's 1940 Convention, reports CONVENTION MANAGER HOWARD FEIGNER, there making a survey. An intention-to-go poll soon to be taken from Rotarians of North America will help to determine whether the Brazilian city is to be the 1940 Convention site.

Governor. PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR F. E. JAMES, of Madras, India, has been designated Acting Governor of District 89 (Afghanistan,



Golden-wedding anniversary congratulations to Rotarian and Mrs. J. T. Jackson, of Wood Green, England.

Burma, Ceylon, and India) and will serve until Rotary's Board of Directors fills the vacancy left by the death of SIR PHIROZE SETHNA. THE HON. SIR PHIROZE SETHNA was serving his second consecutive term as Governor. . . . At press time no report had been received on the appointment of an Acting Governor for Districts 97 and 98 (Middle and Northern China) to succeed Dr. FONG F. SEC, who died October 3. DR. FONG, a member of the Rotary Club of Shanghai, was a Past Director of Rotary International and was thrice a Rotary District Governor.

Stunt. The Rotary Club of Upper Darby, Pa., "loves a stunt now and then"—one like this

which took place in a recent meeting. In the middle of an address a "real policeman" burst in, announced he had a warrant for the arrest of ROTARIAN RAYMOND OLLIS. The charge: failure to read THE ROTARIAN. ROTARIAN OLLIS pleaded guilty, later submitted the following verse in extenuation:

*Since my arrest some time ago, based on a phony charge,
I'm told that "on probation" is the reason I'm at large.
To prove I'm worthy of your trust and kind consideration,
Permit me to report to you without exaggeration.
I read my Rotary magazine, I cross my heart I do,
From river unto river, I read it straight on through.
I concentrate on every thought, I pause, I meditate,
For what's the use of reading if you do not get it straight.
I read the ads, the Chats, the Helps, the Index, and the Forum,
I wouldn't miss the Pros and Cons—they give me an opinion.
I even read the Book Review, the Editorial Comment,
I read a Trip Around the World, of Rotary in the Orient.
Yes, sir, I read my magazine from river unto river,
I read it in the bus and train, and even in the river.
I read it any angle, I can read it upside-down,
When it comes to reading Rotary, I am really "best that am."
Yes, sir, I read my magazine, I read it through and through.
I squint, I cram, I back and fill until there's nothing new.
I read it all my waking hours, all night, too, if I could,
I read my Rotary magazine, because I think I should.*

Authors. Longer grows the list of Rotarian authors. In the mail of recent weeks has come news of three books from the pens of Rotarians: *In Quest of the Bluebird*, by LOUIS L. MANN (A. L. Glaser, Inc., Chicago); *Peculiarities of the Presidents*, by DON SMITH (Wilkinson Press, Van Wert, Ohio); *The Eleventh Commandment*, by GEORGE H. CLESS, JR. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). ROTA-

"Burma," writes Herbert W. Bryant, who represents Rotary in that eastern corner of the world, "is still a land of enchantment." On a recent tour he snapped the picture of Vice-President E. J. Dunkley (with sunglasses), of the Rotary Club of Rangoon, in a local market, was snapped himself in a three-wheeled taxi.

RIAN MANN holds membership in Chicago, ROTARIAN SMITH in Van Wert, ROTARIAN CLESS in Glens Falls, N. Y. . . . Not a book but nonetheless a literary production is that of EDWIN MARKHAM, beloved American poet. He has recently made an album of phonograph records of some of his best-known verses (Timely Records, Inc., New York). POET MARKHAM is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Staten Island, N. Y.

Outgrowth. You can't tell what the Cleveland Convention may mean to you—if you plan to be there next June. Thirteen years ago ROTARIAN W. S. PATTERSON, of Fostoria, Ohio, attended Rotary's earlier Convention there and



met ROTARIAN WILLIAM CROSBY, of Lima, Peru. They have corresponded regularly since that week. Last Summer ROTARIAN CROSBY answered ROTARIAN PATTERSON's most recent letter in person.

Speaker. Uvalde, Texas, has won prominence in the news of recent years as the home of

JOHN NANCE GARNER, Vice President of the United States. But it lingers in the memory of many Rotarians of that section as the host city to the recent Assembly of District 129. VICE PRESIDENT GARNER was on hand. As a matter of fact, a luncheon barbecue was held on the lawn of his home and he addressed the gathering in a brief speech beneath the trees (see cut).

New Clubs. A hearty welcome to these new Rotary Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International:

Mt. Sterling, Ohio; Hill City, So. Dak.; Pittsfield, Ill.; Thomson, Ga.; Eureka, Nebr.; Alice, Tex.; Casablanca, Chile; Combarbala, Chile; Putendo, Chile; Andacollo, Chile; Eldred, Pa.; Cardington, Ohio; Oshkosh, Nebr.; Kenton, Ohio; West Jefferson-Jefferson, N. C.; Lewiston, N. Y.; Middleville, Mich.; Bourlambaque-Val d'Or, Que., Canada; Saint Pauls, N. C.; Diamante, Argentina; Pella, Iowa; Villa Constitucion, Argentina; Humacao, Puerto Rico; Hughes, Ark.; Braidwood, Ill.; Wellington, Tex.; Oregon, Ill.; Guanabacoa, Cuba; Tegal, Java, Netherlands Indies; Peotone, Ill.; Freirina, Chile; Dundalk, Md.; San Antonio Oeste, Argentina; Trelew, Argentina; Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; Clarkton, N. C.; Schaller, Iowa; Socorro, N. Mex.; Curtis, Nebr.; Chester, Vt.; Vaxjö, Sweden; Filipstad, Sweden; Oberlin, Ohio; Red Lodge,

Rotary's European Advisory Committee at recent meeting in Stockholm, Sweden.



Photo: Nordisk Rotogravyr



Photo: Cincinnati Post

Seventy years of wedded life! That is what Mr. and Mrs. Julius Benckenstein, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are celebrating. He is an honorary member of the local Club, is 92 years old.

Mont.; Monroe, Ga.; Dwight, Ill.; Le Puy, France; Alnwick, England; Grand Saline, Tex.; Zaandam, The Netherlands; Manhattan, Mont.; Chesterville, Ont., Canada; Williamson, W. Va.; Smethport, Pa.; Irvington, N. J.; Comminges, France; Bone, Algeria; Camargo, Bolivia; San Francisco, Argentina; Carmen de Patagones, Argentina; El Reno, Okla.; Quilpue, Chile; Canton, Mass.; Basin, Wyo.; Colonial Beach, Va.; Abancay, Peru; Caguas, Puerto Rico; Assiut, Egypt; Winnsboro, S. C.; Southern Pines, N. C.; Hicksville, Ohio; Bell-ville, Argentina; Morrill, Nebr.; Pori, Suomi-Finland; Winschoten, The Netherlands; Ashland, Pa.; Southwest Los Angeles, Calif.; Greenville, Calif.; Taiyvu, Japan; Bowling Green, Ohio; Phillips, Wis.; Kaysville, Utah; Bridgewater, Va.; Colman, Wis.; Lexington, Nebr.; Ouray, Colo.; Esquel, Argentina; Neuquen, Argentina; Viedma, Argentina; Studio City, Calif.; Clovis, N. Mex.; Bessemer, Pa.; Mercedes, Argentina; Rocha, Uruguay; Asansol, India; Tara, Ont., Canada; Paisley, Ont., Canada; Hopkins, Minn.; Como, Miss.; Zagazig, Egypt; Pocatonga, Ark.; Hegins, Pa.; Khartoum, Sudan; General Roca, Argentina; Breckenridge, Minn.; New Castle, Del.; Georgetown, S. C.; Pelican Rapids, Minn.; Taylorville, N. C.; San Carlos de Bariloche, Argentina; Shelby, Mich.; Pleasantville, N. J.; Van Dyke, Mich.; Montlucon, France; Sylvania, Ga.; St. Peter, Minn.; New Ulm, Minn.; Blossburg, Pa.; Warragul, Australia; Regla, Cuba; Minas, Uruguay; Winthrop, Mass.; Crosby, England; Amiens, France; Klaipeda, Lithuania; Abertillery & Blairstown, England; Malvern, Ohio; Reconquista, Argentina; Valenciennes, France; Thornbury & Clarksbury, Ont., Canada; Rafaela, Argentina; Goya, Argentina; Independence, La.; Tallulah, La.; Bairnsdale, Australia; Hillsville, Va.; Dunkerque, France; Yauco, Puerto Rico; Pabianice, Poland; Margaretville, N. Y.; Kempsey, Australia; Nicosia, Cyprus; Casilda, Argentina; Villa Maria, Argentina; Veinticinco de Mayo, Argentina; Aruba, Netherlands West Indies; Kinder, La.; Breckenridge, Mich.; Boksburg, South Africa; Cowra, Australia; Young, Australia; Glen Innes, Australia; Casino, Australia; New Kensington, Pa.; Mosgiel, New Zealand; Mt. Vernon, Tex.; Chanco, Chile; Cabildo, Chile; Salamanca, Chile; North Baltimore, Ohio; Pineville, Ky.; San Jose, Uruguay; Ludlow, England; Cheddle & District, England; Glossop, England; Maracaibo, Venezuela; Richardson, Tex.; Fleischmanns-Pine Hill, N. Y.; Centerville, So. Dak.; Cromer, England; Claxton, Ga.; Austell-Clarkdale, Ga.; Marble Hill-Lutesville, Mo.; Tabor, Iowa; Concepcion, Argentina; Alfreton, England; Malvern, Iowa.

Representatives. Representatives of European Rotary Districts in the European Advisory Committee as announced by PRESIDENT GEORGE C. HAGER are as follows—this list being a continuation of Committee lists published in the September and October issues:

REPRESENTATIVES OF DISTRICTS:
R.I.B.I. P. H. W. Almy (general law practice), Bank Chambers, Torquay, England; T. D. Young, (linen distributing), Royal Arcade, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; F. A. Warren (education—general administration), Education Offices, North St., Wolverhampton, England. *Alternates:* Sydney W. Pascall (sugar confectionery manufacturing), James Pascall, Ltd., Streatham Rd., Mitcham, Surrey, England; T. J. Rees (education—general administration), Education Dept., The Guildhall, Swansea, Glam., Wales; Thomas Benson (dairy products), "Apple Tree Cottage," Toddington, Littlehampton, Sussex, England; 46—Paolo Ruggeri Laderchi (military studies), Villa Belrespiro, San Remo, Italy; *Alternate:* Luigi Piccione (electroplating service), 6, Piazza Umberto I, Trieste, Italy; 47—André Pons (notary), 54, Rue Houllès, Mazamet, France; *Alternate:* André Gardot (law practice—avocat), 7, Rue Proust, Angers (Maine-et-Loire), France; 48—Emile Couibes (cements), c/o Rotary Club, 26, Place Tolozan, Lyon, France; *Alternate:* (not appointed at press time); 49—Georges Robert Lefort (fine arts), Boulevard de la Gare, Guingamp (Cotes-du-Nord), France; *Alternate:* Paul Longuet (pharmaceutical chemical products), 34, Rue Sedaine, Paris, France; 54—C. J. Steiger (overseas trade), Seegartenstrasse 2, Zurich, Switzerland (mail address: Villa Haldenstein, Winterthur, Switzerland); *Alter-*

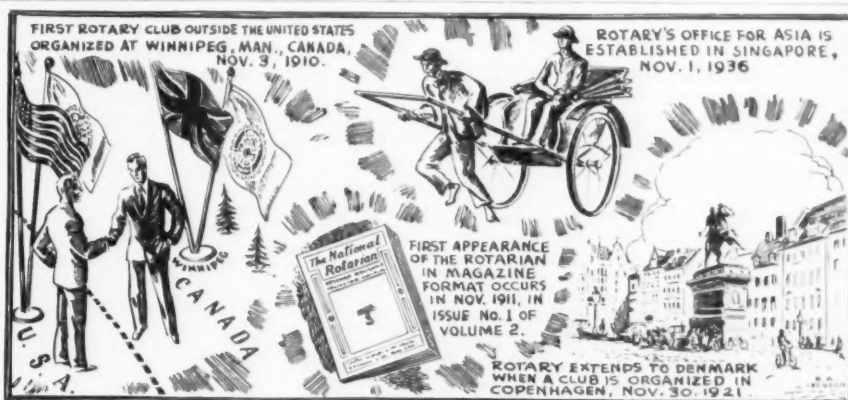
nate: Louis F. Lambelet (freight shipping agencies), Case Postale, Les Verrieres (Canton de Neuchâtel), Switzerland; 59—Daniel de longh Wzn* (engineering—efficiency engineer), c/o C. A. Wegelin, Kralingsch Plaslaan 178, Rotterdam, The Netherlands; *Alternate:* Trudus Teves (rope manufacturing), Prins Hendrikade 16/17, Amsterdam, The Netherlands; 60—(no nominations); 61—Camille Deberghe (journalism), 10, Rue Arthur Warocqué, La Louvière, Belgium; *Alternate:* Emile Deckers (ship owner), 68, Marché aux Chevaux, Antwerp, Belgium; 66—J. V. Hyka (government foreign publishing service), Rotary, Obecní dum, Prague 1, Czechoslovakia; *Alternate:* Frantisek Král (veterinary medicine), Pražská 67, Bano, Czechoslovakia; 67—Yngvar Hivstendahl (whaling), Markveien 12, Tonsberg, Norway; *Alternate:* Leif S. Rode (barrister), Karl Johans gate 27, Oslo, Norway; 69—A. Marcus Toller (foreign news bureau), Glogatan 8 (mail address: Villagatan 27), Helsinki-Helsingfors, Suomi-Finland; *Alternate:* Arno Tuurna (municipal government administration), Kalevankatu 4 as 26, Viipuri, Suomi-Finland; 75—Ernest J. Ipsen (associations—automobile clubs), Palaisgade 6, Copenhagen, Denmark; *Alternate:* T. C. Thomsen (water purification), Christiansgade 22, Copenhagen, Denmark; 77—Ivan Slokar (commercial banking), Miklosiceva cesta 10, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia; *Alternate:* Stevan K. Pavlovitch (patriotic associations), Gospodar Jevremova 39/1, Belgrade, Yugoslavia; 78—Carl Harald Trolle (commercial banking), Scorgatan 16, Kalmar,

*"Wzn" is a designation similar to "Jr." (meaning William's son).

Sweden; *Alternate:* Edward Wilhelm Peyron (past service member), Djursholm, Sweden; 82—Zoltan Koós (stock exchange), Szabodasgater 17 (mail address: Herman Otto ut. 381), Budapest, Hungary; *Alternate:* Bela von Entz (pathology), Dischka Gyozo utca 5, Pécs, Hungary; 83—Arthur Merton (journalism), 13, Sharia Ibrahim Pasha Naguib, Kasr El Dubara (mail address: P. O. box 228), Cairo, Egypt; *Alternate:* Harold de Bildt (law arbitration—international arbitration), 7, Sharia el Fadl, Cairo, Egypt; 84—Constan-tin Basarab Brancoveanu (agriculture), 76 Strada Sfintii Apostoli, Bucuresti III, Roumania; *Alternate:* Dionys Ritter von Anhauch (timber manufacturing), Strada I. Flondor 44, Cernauti, Roumania; 85—Jerzy Loth (economic geography), Wiejska 19 m. 4, Warsaw, Poland; *Alternate:* Piotr Drzewiecki (locomotive manufacturing), 71, Jerolimiska, Warsaw, Poland.

REPRESENTATIVES OF NONDISTRICT CLUBS: Bulgaria: Ljuben Boshkoff (civil engineering), ul. Krakra 12, Sofia, Bulgaria; *Alternate:* Mathey Hadji-Petroff (flour manufacturing), Platz "Pazarni," Burgas, Bulgaria. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania: Walters Woits (civil law practice), Blaumana 13, Rigas, Latvia; *Alternates:* Karolis Zalkauskas (government—supreme courts), Traku g. 18, Kaunas, Lithuania; Juhan Kukke (cotton goods manufacturing), S. Kaeja, Tallinn, Estonia. Greece: Spiliot Agapitos (consulting engineering), 18, Rue Karavia, Athens, Greece; *Alternate:* G. Cofinas (finances), 10, Rue Alopekis, Athens, Greece. Portugal: Ermete Pires (flour manufacturing), 21, Avenue de Berne, Lisbon, Portugal; *Alternate:* Mario de Carvalho (farming), Quinta do Viso, Viseu, Portugal.

THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD



Rotarian Almanack 1938

As a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellence with one tongue.

—Roger Ascham

NOVEMBER

—the 11th month (it was the 9th in the Roman Era), has 30 days.

In Northern climes Winter winds begin to bluster in November. Winter snows to clothe the naked landscape. But men's hearts develop a compensating warmth. Thankful for Nature's gifts, men quicken to the impulse to share their bounties with the luckless. From that human impulse has come special days of thanksgiving such as November brings to several nations.



—1911, the first Official Directory is published in the first issue of the second volume of THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN.

5—1938, Rotary's Aims and Objects Committee meets in Chicago.

8—1919, Argentina's first Rotary Club is organized at Buenos Aires.

10—1927, Rotary District 67 (Norway) is organized.

10—Rotary's Executive Committee meets in Chicago (date tentative).

14—The 1939 Convention Committee of Rotary International convenes in Cleveland, Ohio.

12—1908, Rotary's first Club outside Chicago is established at San Francisco, twice since a Rotary Convention city.

12—1937, the 4,500th Rotary Club is organized at Pineville, W. Va., on this date.

15—1915, Rotary's 200th Club is founded at Columbus, Ga.

20—1922, Rotary is welcomed in The Netherlands with the establishment of a Club at Amsterdam.

21—1928, Manchuria's first Rotary Club is founded at Dairen.

23—1921, the Rotary Club of St. John's first in Newfoundland, is organized.

28—1927, Paraguay's first Rotary Club is founded at Asunción.

30—1923, the Rotary Club of Douglas, first on the Isle of Man, is organized.

Total Rotary Clubs in the world (October 10, 1938), 4,780; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated), 200,400.





Meetings of the Rotary Club of Bandoeng, Java, Netherlands Indies, form around a horseshoe-shaped table. A visitor at this dinner was Rotary's Secretary for Asia, Richard Sidney (extreme right with pocket handkerchief), of Singapore, Straits Settlements. To his left is Club President M. van der Hoeven.

Rotary Around the World

Brief news notes mirroring the varied activities of the Rotary movement

Australia

Give £1,000 for Curative Pool

BRISBANE—To the Queensland Society for Crippled Children has been given a check for £1,000 by the Rotary Club of Brisbane, representing the Club's efforts for the establishment of a curative bathing pool at a home for crippled children.

Initiate Settlement Rehabilitation

WARRNAMBOOL—Initiated by the Rotary Club of Warrnambool, the rehabilitation of an aborigine settlement has gained additional impetus with the Government's agreement to expend £3,000 on housing, fencing, water supply, etc., for these hitherto much-neglected folk.

China

Give \$300 for Needy Folk

PEIPING—To care for a university student for ten months and to help in additional cases of pressing need, the Rotary Club of Peiping has appropriated \$300.

Italy

Make Gift of Hospital Bed

VARESE—For the establishment of a bed in the hospital in the Marine Colony, the Rotary Club of Varese has given 1,000 lire.

England

Treat 30 Boys to Holiday

ILKLEY—The link between two communities was more firmly welded last Summer when the

Rotary Club of Ilkley entertained at a free holiday 30 boys from Shildon, a near-by mining town, together with ten boys from Ilkley. The Shildon boys were selected from two Scout troops in that district, a condition of qualification being that each lad's father was unemployed or that the boy was fatherless.

Norway

Give Library to Hospital

SKIEN—Among the prized possessions of the local county hospital is a library—the gift, some months back, of the Rotary Club of Skien. As part of its Community Service program, the Club aids unemployed persons to find positions.

Ireland

Toasts Clubs in Other Lands

PORTADOWN—Weekly the Rotary Club of Portadown recognizes its part in the building of world-wide goodwill and friendship. It toasts a Rotary Club in another land, dispatches a

message so informing the honored Club, in it extends a welcome to any Rotarian visiting in the vicinity of Portadown.

Union of South Africa

Consummate Dental Clinic Project

PRETORIA—With the laying of the foundation stone of the Pretoria Dental Clinic some months back came the consummation of a project the Rotary Club of Pretoria undertook two years ago. It organized the public appeal for funds for the purpose, raised more than £2,000.

India

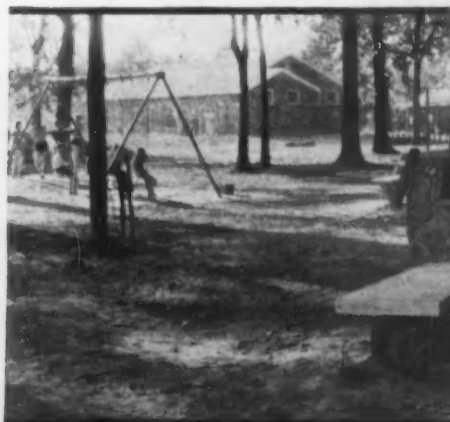
Obtains Ambulance for City

AMRITSAR—A potent force for community aid is the Rotary Club of Amritsar. In recent months it has obtained a motor ambulance for the city, is organizing a fund which will properly maintain it. Illustrated posters and practical demonstrations of traffic safety on the part of school children have been initiated by the Club.

Belgium

Dinner Raises Funds for Children

TIRLEMONT—Hunting is fun. So is eating the game after it has been prepared. But the fun doesn't cease there for the Rotary Club of Tirlemont. Each year it organizes a hunting dinner, then turns over the proceeds to a society for children of delicate health. This organiza-



Supplanting a rubbish-covered and bush-grown 18-acre plot at the edge of Stuttgart, Arkansas, this park and pool provide young and old with opportunity for fun and exercise. The project, initiated by the Rotary Club of Stuttgart, includes a number of tennis courts, baseball diamonds, a bandstand, picnic tables, swings, slides. Now thousands of people use its multiple facilities.



Honored guest at a dinner given in San Juan by Puerto Rico Rotarians was International Director Francisco Marseillan, of Buenos Aires, Argentina (shown fourth at the left).

each twosome was expected to go some place or do something which required spending a number of hours together, such as fishing, golfing, or on an outing. Result: advancement of fellowship and acquisition of ideas. Example 2: The Club Service Committee announced that two articles appearing in *THE ROTARIAN* would be discussed during the meal two weeks hence. Half the membership would discuss one article; the other half, the second. Discussion leaders were appointed to preside over the tables. Result: the members not only read the articles, but also came forth with numerous and illuminating comments and suggestions.

Fish and Game Boys Use Camp

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Let 45 boys know they are to go to a camp for a week and you've got a mountain of enthusiasm on your hands. That was the situation when the Rotary Club of Kamloops placed its Boys' Camp at the disposal of the Junior Fish & Game Association last Summer. The Rotarians provided transportation and necessary equipment, and arranged for a camp cook. Its activities sponsored by the Kamloops Rotary Club, the Association was organized two years ago, has a membership of 130 boys from 9 to 18 years of age.

United States of America

Scouts, Rotarians Go Down to Sea

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Down to the sea go regularly some 30 boys, members of the Maplewood Sea Scouts, an organization the Rotary Club of Maplewood sponsors. The idea, though, took a new tack some weeks back when the Rotarians, as guests of the boys, went down to the sea to enjoy a program of sailboating, swimming, and fishing which the Sea Scouts had rounded out. All ate aboard ship, later motored to a Coast Guard station, viewed a lifesaving demonstration.

Club COULD List Big Deeds

JAMAICA-HOLLIS-QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.—Never once has size acted as a wall to block the efforts of the Rotary Club of Jamaica-Hollis-Queens Village to do something of consequence for its community. With but 16 members, the Club may modestly list these deeds of service: sponsored a benefit which netted nearly \$1,400; sent 69 underprivileged boys to a camp for two weeks—total cost, over \$1,300—which included food, transportation, supervision, and necessary

clothing; awarded a gold medal to the outstanding student in the Jamaica Vocational High School at the close of each semester; held its annual Christmas party and last year gave each of 115 needy children there a basket.

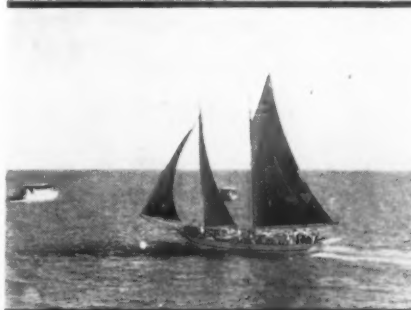
Club Honors Older Citizens

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA.—Annually does the Rotary Club of White Sulphur Springs honor those of advanced years in its community when at a Club luncheon they are greeted on "Old-Timers' Day." Guests and hosts exchange reminiscences and relate happenings of other days, depart happier as a consequence. To the oldest citizen present is given a cane by the Rotarians.

Dish Ice Cream for 400 Children

WABASH, IND.—Four hundred children made certain they washed just a bit better, perhaps, than usual one day last Summer, for it was a big day of the vacation period—the children's party which Edward L. Little, a member of the Rotary Club of Wabash, gives annually to boys and girls of the community. Ten years ago Rotarian Little launched the idea; in the ensuing time not a guest nor the host has ever regretted

Photo: Anthony V. Ragusin



Winner of a fishing-schooner race was Perfection, entry of the Rotary Club of Biloxi, Mississippi, and manned in part by Biloxi Rotarians.

it. The children always have a good time. You see, they are given all the ice cream they can eat.

Hold Steak Fry up High

Mid tall pines and heavy, in a mountain range in the Cibola National Forest in New Mexico, 80 Rotarians and their ladies climaxed good fellowship and intensive study at the 115th District Assembly with a steak fry 8,200 feet above sea level. Donning chef's caps and aprons, members of the Mountainair Rotary Club, the Assembly's host, grilled thick steaks over a

tion takes care of the children, has them examined periodically, provides them with a good meal daily.

Japan

Send 300 Yen for Relief Needs

SEOUL, KOREA—A check for 300 yen has been dispatched to the Rotary Club of Tokyo as a contribution from the Rotary Club of Seoul toward the flood and storm relief funds for the sufferers in the Ibaraki district or in any other place where there is need.

Mexico

No Strangers within the Gates

MEXICO CITY—Not long need a visiting Rotarian remain a stranger in Mexico City. The Rotary Club of Mexico City has a Committee which attends Rotarian visitors both at the Club meetings and outside of them—and endeavors to serve them as long as they remain in the city.

Canada

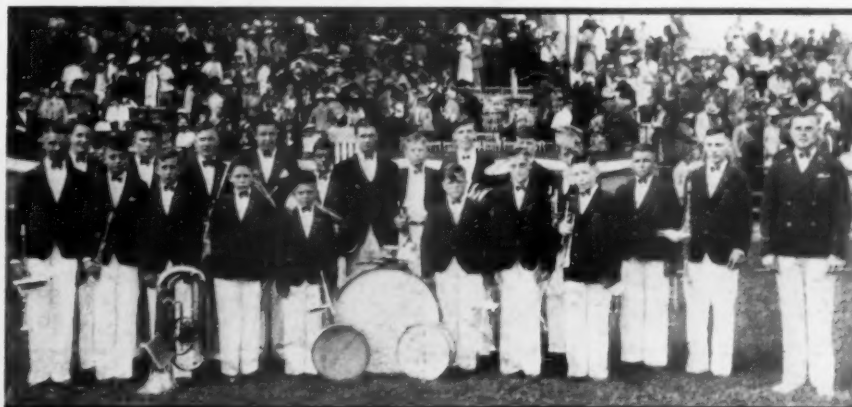
Hungry Children Made Happy

GRAVENHURST, ONT.—Between 25 and 30 poor, undernourished children found that a group of men in their city were really interested in them—when the Rotary Club of Gravenhurst provided free meals for them for ten weeks. Each day two members were assigned to wait upon the youngsters. But that bit of Community Service over, the Club didn't sit and bask in contentment's sun. Rather, it made 500 children merry when it entertained them at showings of Walt Disney's *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

Uniqueness—a Spur

ESTEVAN, SASK.—Prosaic? Not the Committees of the Rotary Club of Estevan! Example 1: As a consequence of pairing fellow members at a recent meeting, during the following month

When the Chief Executive of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, received an honorary degree of doctor of laws from Queen's University, the band chosen to officiate at the ceremony was the Kingston Rotary Boys' Band, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Kingston, Ontario, Canada.



fireplace, dispensed them with pinto beans and other epicurean attractions. Later a campfire provided the setting for tunes sung to the accompaniment of strings from a mountaineer quartette.

Letters Make International Friends

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—Though "to win friends, be one" may prove only pretty words on the walls of a multitude of homes, to the Rotary Club of Oconomowoc it has meant gathering a number of strands of international friendship. During the past year, as a new Club was admitted in another land, Oconomowoc Rotarians dispatched welcoming greetings. Numerous and interesting have been the replies which have come back, all of them friendly and cordial, many of them containing comments revealing how closely knit are world affairs.

Pilot Gives Club Members a Lift

SAYRE, PA.—A different view of their community—that was the result of a program which members of the Rotary Club of Sayre enjoyed not long ago. To their meeting came the man-



Atop Cannon Mountain with Littleton, New Hampshire, Rotarians, reached via a new \$250,000 aerial passenger tramway—the first of its kind built in North America.

ager of a near-by airport, with pictures showing the trend of activity on the major airlines of the United States. Himself a pilot, he later took more than a score of the Club's members on trips in his plane to view their locality from the sky lanes.

Club Sponsors Essay Competition

ATHOL, MASS.—Believing wholeheartedly that understanding of another nation's people and its life and customs helps build tolerance and goodwill, the Rotary Club of Athol some months back initiated an essay contest in the high school. The theme: *Lithuania, Let's Get Acquainted*. To the winners of first and second place went prizes, presented when they were honored guests at a Club dinner.

Entertain Teachers at Dinner Party

MINERVA, OHIO—Teachers of Minerva's youth learn early in the school year that the Rotary Club of Minerva is interested in them and wants them to enjoy their life in the community. And as is its annual custom, the Club recently invited the schoolteachers to a party, dined them, listened to one of their spokesmen, joined with them in games and other channels which led to a pleasant evening together.

Draw Picture of Selves

INDEPENDENCE, KANS.—How old are our members? What are our political preferences? What's our favorite radio program? Do we



Photo: Richmond Times-Dispatch

"Put up yer 'dukes'!"—and up they go for one of the activities which fill the program at the camp established by the Rotary Club of Richmond, Virginia.

like our mother-in-law? Is a sales tax a fair tax? How do we feel about other nations? No longer do the members of the Rotary Club of Independence need wonder about answers to those questions—and a host of others—since they filled out a questionnaire compiled by one of their fellows to determine the likes, dislikes, and opinions of the composite Rotarian. Not only do they now know how the Club feels about certain issues, but also they can determine how nearly they themselves conform to or depart from the Independence Rotary pattern.

Good Deeds . . . for 700 Acres

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Usually when a birthday rolls around, the honored person receives something to commemorate the occasion. But not the Rotary Club of Johnstown. Rather, it gave something—deeds for its 700 acres in the near-by mountains to the Boy Scouts and the Y. M. C. A. For many years have these two organizations had use of this recreational area, have erected extensive and excellent equipment. The Rotary Club's equity in the property was about \$15,000, is said to be the largest single gift to civic character-building organizations ever given the youth of Johnstown.

Boys' Camp Builds Poundage and Fun

RICHMOND, VA.—Making automobiles and airplanes to sell to a waiting public can be a lot of fun. So can planting seeds and harvesting crops to supply the tables of thousands of people. But if you want real fun, buy 87½ acres of land, clear 17½ acres, and leave the remainder wooded. That's what the Rotary Club of Richmond, Va., did some 12 years back, and the knowledge that it provided a place where young bodies can be made strong has meant fun without measure. Located 17 miles from Richmond, the well-drained grounds are equipped with 12 cabins, each of which houses nine boys and a counsellor. A recreation hall provides the locale for indoor games; the dining hall takes care of dispensing ample food which, Club statisticians report, puts an average of 2½ pounds on most of the campers. And for outdoor sports, a swimming hole, baseball

diamonds, and tennis, badminton, and volleyball courts guarantee plenty of opportunity for games that boys love. Horseshoe pits, horizontal ladders and bars, too, are included in the equipment. An infirmary makes certain the lads' health will be closely supervised. Under the direction of a board of directors selected from among Richmond Rotarians, the camp's personnel includes a superintendent, two assistant superintendents, a camp physician, ten counselors, three cooks. During the 1938 season, 215 boys attended, the low tuition of some being paid by the Rotary Club. Funds for maintaining the camp come chiefly from gifts from the Rotarians, who look on the project as fun rivalled only by that which the young boys have using it.

Convention Group Hold Reunion

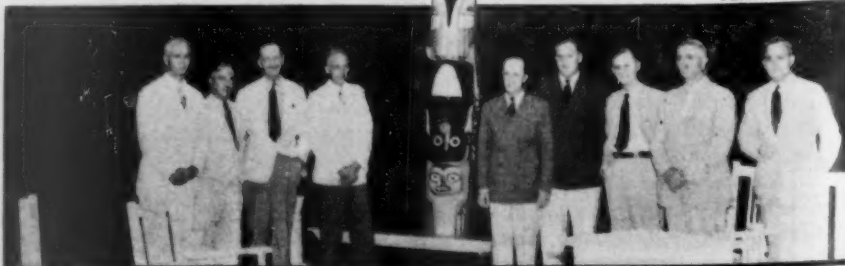
Memories were joggled, friendships renewed, on the shores of Lake Ontario recently when to a week-end reunion came some 60 Rotarians and their wives from Rotary Districts 171 and 172, all of whom had attended Rotary's Convention in San Francisco last June. A dinner punctuated with relating of Golden Gate experiences preceded the showing of pictures of the 1938 Convention and of the 1937 Convention at Nice, France.

66 Eyes Strengthened

PRICE, UTAH—Good eyesight is a precious thing for anyone—especially a growing child. And where there are visual handicaps, often glasses will correct them. The Rotary Club of Price found that to be the case when it held an optical clinic. Members used their cars to bring chil-

On an Orlando, Florida, Rotarian's lawn has this totem pole been placed, dedicated as a mark of friendship and a gesture of goodwill from Orlando Rotarians to the Rotary Club of Juneau, Alaska—the most distant Rotary Club in North America.

Photo: Dixie Studio



dren from over the county to a central place for the examination, were made happy to know that glasses would aid 33 children's vision.

115 Crippled Children Get Aid

CLINTON, Mo.—Casting about for some definite project of Community Service some years back, the Rotary Club of Clinton found it: crippled children—thereby changing an attitude from that of major sympathy to that of a major activity. Two clinics have been held, and, as a result, 115 children have been sent to hospitals and corrective surgery or braces applied. From families unable to provide the necessary treatment, it is probable that except for the Rotary Club's help these children would not have received aid. Receipts from an annual minstrel show are used to carry on the work.

Youth Learn of Franchise Right

NAMPA, IDAHO—The importance of the right of franchise was brought home to a group of Nampa young people just attaining their majority when they were guests of the Rotary Club of Nampa on Constitution Day. So successful was the impressive affair that Nampa Rotarians will make it an annual event.

Outlines Community Service Basis

When Rotarians of the 198th District of Rotary International—127 of them from 24 Clubs—met recently for their District Assembly, they heard the essence of successful undertaking in a community enterprise by a Rotary Club. Phrased by District Governor Oliver S. Edmiston, it was, "The whole idea of Rotary is to keep it simple." The Rotary Club of Mansfield was host to the visitors.

\$200 Means Fresh Air for Children

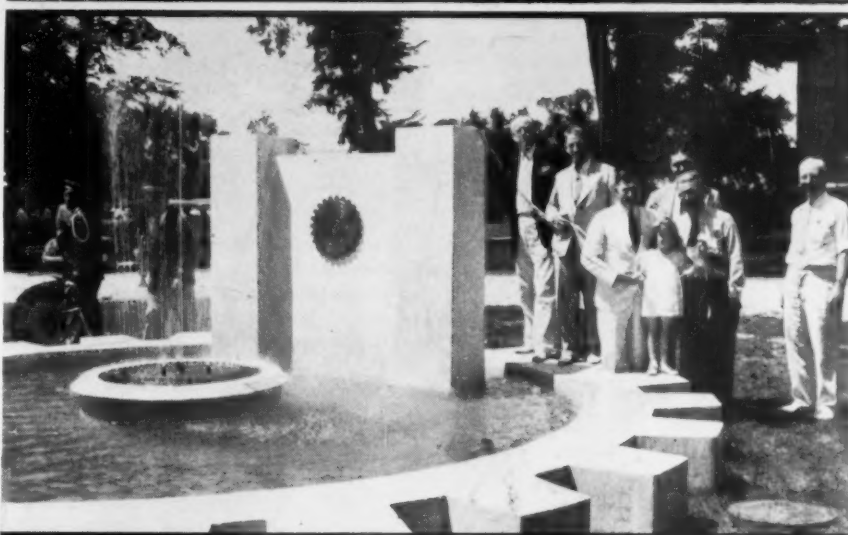
ALBANY, N. Y.—Fresh air and lots of it—mixed with pleasant days away from crowded city streets—that was made possible last Summer for a number of Albany children with tubercular infections. Dollars—200 of them—were the shiny key which opened the gates to a Summer vacation for the youngsters. The dollars came from the Rotary Club of Albany.

Give Help to Young Students

VERO BEACH, FLA.—One young man is going to have a college education because the Rotary Club of Vero Beach will lend him the necessary money. A revolving fund will help other deserving students in the future. The young per-

The camera catches Rotarians amid a variety of activities (top down): From the minstrel shows of the Clinton, Missouri, Rotary Club, come receipts for Crippled Children Work. . . . Beauty and dignity were fused in the color fountain which the Rotary Club of El Dorado, Kansas, gave to its city. . . . When Coronado, California, Rotarians gave 30 orphan boys an outing, they included a ride on a fire truck. . . . A stagecoach headed the welcoming parade of Presidents and Secretaries and their ladies who came to Avalon, Catalina Island, California, for the Rotary District 107 Assembly.

(Left to right) Stagecoach driver; Past District Governor Marvin Park; District Governor S. E. Gates; Fred B. Mack, 108th District Governor; Leyman Crandall, Mayor of Avalon; and the City Manager of Avalon, Earl Pollok.



ple of the high school, too, have gained in the past year: an up-to-date vocational library has been presented to the school, the gift of a Vero Beach Rotarian.

10,000 Miles of Helpfulness

OMAHA, NEBR.—Into scores of homes daily go the nurses of the Visiting Nurse Association of Omaha. The Rotary Club of Omaha helps them to go about their appointed tasks—for it furnishes two cars to the Association. Based on mileage recorded earlier in the year, the cars provided will cover more than 10,000 miles of Omaha's streets during 1938.

New Braces Help Crippled Girl

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The Rotary Club of Bridgeport hoped to help handicapped Beatrice Bedell when it supplied new braces for her. But how much they'd done wasn't entirely realized until they received a note from her: "Since I have had this new back brace, my back has never ached and the pelvis belt has helped me to sit and stand straighter. I do not know what I would do without them now." Could not one excuse a certain mistiness of vision when Bridgeport Rotarians read that?

For Gymnasium Equipment—\$75

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—So that the Salvation Army Corps might add to its gymnasium equipment to be used in its classes and recreational activities for underprivileged youth and adults, the Rotary Club of Highland Park gave \$75 some months back. With it were purchased a ping-pong table and set, volleyball equipment, a badminton set, and other necessary and useful articles.

His Business Is His Castle

HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.—Get to know a man in his place of business and you get to know him better. That was the idea behind the plan recently initiated by the Club Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Huntington Park. To encourage the Rotarians to visit other members' businesses, slips were distributed, each of which was to be signed by a different member as his place of business was visited. For a member to receive credit, slips were to be turned in within 30 days. The contest was of three months' duration.

Solves Multiplication Problem

CARLSBAD, N. MEX.—A picnic's a barrel of fun when you get a crowd of congenial folk together. And when you double the number, well, you naturally double the fun. Knowing that, when the Rotary Club of Carlsbad held a picnic recently near the far-famed Carlsbad Caverns, it invited the Rotary Club of Artesia to be its guest. Space was allotted on the program for the dedication of a new recreation spot, its name being taken from the superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns, Colonel Thomas Boles, an honorary member of the Carlsbad Rotary Club. Also present were the Rotarians' ladies.

Give Aid to Dallas Blind

DALLAS, TEX.—To sightless folk has the Rotary Club of Dallas brought rays of helpfulness. In the last two years the Club has purchased 12 Braille transcribing machines, provided subscriptions to magazines in Braille, given help to a vocational institute for the blind, made it possible for a blind man to go to The Seeing Eye, Morristown, N. J., for necessary training with a guide dog.

Our Readers' Open Forum

[Continued from page 4]

teachers who have not had a Summer's rest for years. They put in nine months teaching and spend the largest part of their Summer vacation in school, better equipping themselves for future work. In the United States a large percentage of the elementary teachers have a college education and many of them a master's degree.

But I am aware of the fact that educational qualifications alone do not make a teacher. Teachers of the upper grades, especially, should know something of the demands of the times and study their pupils and be able to advise them as to what type of work they would be best fitted for when they leave school. To my mind there is no more pathetic sight than a group of high-school pupils leaving school with their diplomas not knowing which way to turn or what they are going to do. The highways of life lead in all directions, but the demands of each highway are different and require different qualifications.

W. S. WHITE

Bolivar, Missouri

Irish Rose Gets New Lines

Some time ago I wrote a letter to the editor of *The Pagoda*, the weekly publication of the Rotary Club of Shanghai, in which I said:

"Our Club warblers so badly took the 'bloom from My Wild Irish Rose' last time they tested the remnants of what were once vocal chords, that I have since put the poor old lady into dry dock for overhaul and repairs. This has been done by superimposing upon the offending words the expurgated version evolved out of the Peeka's poetic genius several years ago, and which appeared thereafter in our old *Songbook*, now retired from active service. In its revised and purified form the poem's last two lines read:

"I'm hoping some day, she'll not say me nay,
And I'll marry my wild Irish Rose."

"And if anybody dares to sing it any other way in the future, I shall have to get out my ancestral shillelagh and go head-hunting."

It seems to me that this is a matter which would be of interest to Rotarians throughout the world. The last two lines of *My Wild Irish Rose* have always seemed to me to be offensive, not only to Irish people, but also to Rotarian ideals and good taste.

S. W. WOLFE, Rotarian

Classification: Medicine—Patent and Proprietary

Shanghai, China

At Home in a Far Land

Last January, for the first time as a Rotarian, I made a flying trip to Hawaii and the Pacific Coast. Upon arrival at the "Paradise of the Pacific," I got in touch with the Rotary Club of Honolulu. I was asked to sit at the main table and to make a little speech at the regular meeting. It was my first experience at a meeting abroad, and I found the procedure not unlike that at our own meetings except there were more jokes and laughter and more fines.

I was amazed to find only a few wearing the Rotary button on their coat lapels, for it is our strict regulation over here—50 sen fines for not wearing them, especially at regular meetings. I was decorated with a colorful *lei*, according to the Hawaiian custom, a unique system of marking visiting Rotarians.

During my three-week stay I attended two meetings at Honolulu and one at Wahiawa-Waiialua. I felt perfectly at home, except for

the few minutes I had to stand up to make a speech, not a stranger in a strange land. Thus I not only made up my attendance, but also I experienced true Rotary spirit and international fellowship. Then on my way to Los Angeles, I met a Rotarian on board—Clinton R. Wilson, of Fort Wayne, Ind. My Rotary button attracted his attention and we became friends.

Encouraged by the warm reception in Hawaii and armed with the experience, I boldly attended the Los Angeles Rotary Club meeting. About 400 Rotarians in a weekly meeting! A weekly meeting of District Conference size!

The President called on scores of 100-percenters to drop five silver dollars each, noisily, into the milk pails for the undernourished children of the city. The shining coins were emptied on the table where I was eating, as if to indicate the wealth of America to me—a scene as spectacular as it was entertaining. Being treated so royally at every meeting I attended, I felt myself a self-styled Rotary ambassador. Literally I made the trip riding on the Rotary wheel.

I was rather anxious to extend my trip further into the East, at least as far as Chicago to pay my respects to Rotary's Secretariat, but my business called me home, leaving behind me many pleasant memories and regrets. I returned in time to attend the tenth annual Conference of the 70th District in my home town in May. The delegates from all over Japan proper as well as from Formosa and Manchuria flocked over to make the Conference a great success. Governor-General Minami and Commander Koiso delivered addresses of welcome. These high officials knew more about Rotary Objects than one young in Rotary like myself. It was a great occasion for my people, the Koreans, to be informed of the Rotary spirit, "Service above self"—and "He profits most who serves best."

D. S. KIM, Rotarian

Classification: Ginseng Growing

Seoul, Korea, Japan

A Tip for Golfers

I really enjoyed *Old Man's Game?*, by Bob Edgren, Jr. [September ROTARIAN].

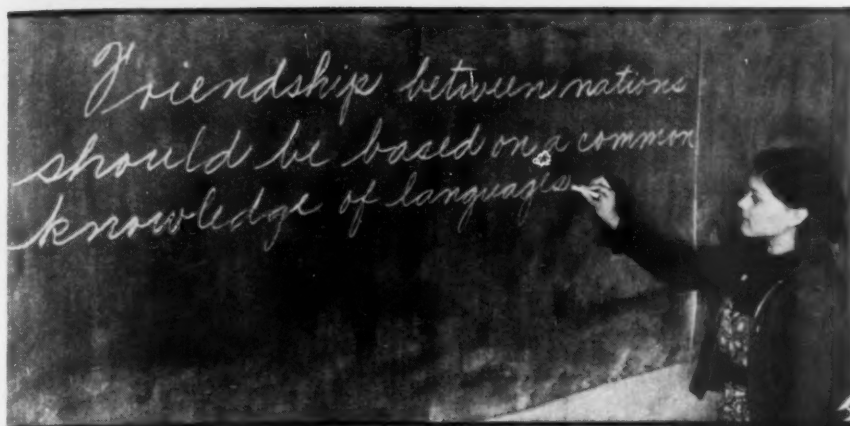
I have a little idea I would like to pass on to Rotarians to improve their golf. I discovered it quite by accident when I refinished an old driver and enamelled it black with a one-inch white stripe on the top of the head running from face to back. After it had dried, I took a few practice swings and, to my surprise, the effect was like laying a white ribbon along the line of swing. I then put a dime on the floor and swung again and had another surprise: I could tell just how close I came to a good hit.

My greatest trouble has always been hitting too far out on the toe of the club, but with this plan I can see my fault and correct it easily.

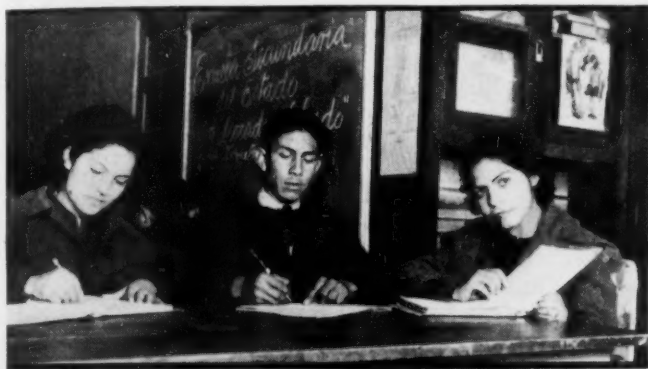
It is not necessary to spoil the driver by putting paint on it. Get a piece of Scotch decorator's tape at your paint store. First stick it to a piece of glass or smooth wood and enamel it white; when it is dry, peel it off and stick it across the top of the driver head. The tape should be one inch. You can then take a razor blade and cut the ends off and leave a neat white stripe that seems to be painted on, and can be peeled off whenever desired.

J. A. LARKIN, Rotarian

Classification: Musical Instruments Retailing
Douglas, Arizona



Rotarian Rodriguez (right), who instructs the high-school class as a voluntary service, chats with the principal and his wife. Pupils (below) puzzle over "cheerio."



Photos: Dick Bird

Young Mexicans (left) eagerly translate dictation given them in English. The class (above) is conducted at Agua Prieta, Sonora, Mexico, near the Arizona border.

One Man's Class in Goodwill

What la bella señorita (left) writes is symbolical of this unique class.

"FRIENDSHIP between nations should be based on a common knowledge of languages."

These are the words a raven-haired, dark-eyed, olive-skinned girl 14 years old writes on a schoolroom blackboard in old Mexico.

Behind her, 44 pairs of eyes flash, white teeth gleam as lips silently form syllables and words, and then hands shoot upward to plead for a chance to translate the English words into Spanish.

A word from the teacher, and Dolores translates these foreign words into her native tongue. Here in Escuela Secundaria del Estado, the secondary school of Agua Prieta, Sonora, Mexico, she and other Mexican children are learning to speak the language of their neighbors

across the border in Douglas, Arizona.

Education in the State of Sonora is compulsory up to the age of 16, but lack of resources made it impossible for the board of education in this Mexican town to employ a teacher of English, although the curriculum calls for two years of a foreign language. It was then that Francisco Xavier Rodriguez, a Douglas Rotarian and physical-education instructor, offered to conduct a daily class in English. It was an offer which the progressive school board accepted quickly, providing a special room.

Motivated by a sincere belief that friendship between his countrymen and the Americans could be fostered best by common knowledge of languages, Rotarian Rodriguez initiated this two-year

course which will help young Mexicans to read, write, and speak English.

Because there is considerable commercial intercourse between the two communities, Rotarian Rodriguez, also secretary of the Agua Prieta Chamber of Commerce and Industry, believes that a knowledge of English will help to build understanding between Mexicans and Americans.

This is an attitude which the Douglas Rotary Club, whose roster embraces a number of Mexican businessmen, now promotes. They know that history was made in Agua Prieta, for former President Plutarco Elias Calles once lived there. Today more history is being made as young Mexicans learn English taught by Rotarian Rodriguez.

May I Suggest— By William Lyon Phelps

About Books You Will Want to Read and Authors You Will Want to Meet

A NEW BOOK that every Rotarian and everyone else should read is *Private Virtue—Public Good*, by Henry Morton Robinson, a frequent contributor to THE ROTARIAN. Those who, like me, agree with it will enjoy it; this is exactly what we want. Those who, unlike me, do not agree with it may or may not enjoy it; it is exactly what they need. It's a defense of the businessman, who is at this moment the object of a concerted attack. Please do not accuse me of playing politics; I never take advantage of a literary column or a lecture platform to promulgate ideas in support of any political party. This book does not support any political party; it sets forth certain ideas about business and economics which ought not to be the football of politics. The author knows what he is talking about, and shows an admirable spirit. No matter how fashions change, there are certain virtues that do not change; the author of this book reminds us of the part these virtues have played in the past history of the United States, and what part they should play in its future.

Last month I wrote of a charming little book about the Connecticut River. Since then I have read two books on two other rivers, one smaller than the Connecticut and one larger. I have always loved rivers; to travel on or along them is to me invariably an exciting adventure. It pleases me that the individual rivers of the United States are receiving new attention from those who love them. I feel certain that these two books will draw hundreds of pilgrims. If I were a young man or a young woman, I should follow the example of the writers of these two books and do exactly what they have done.

The first is an Englishman, R. Raven-Hart. His enchanting book is called *Down the Mississippi*, and he likes everything in America except the postal service, which he believes inferior in speed and accuracy to that of any other country in Europe. He travelled, paddling his own canoe, from Hannibal, Missouri, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Like all Englishmen who read anything, he is a tremendous admirer of Mark Twain, and I believe can quote more passages from *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *Life on the Mississippi* than the average American. He had his canoe made in Germany, and

gives every detail of its construction and its cost. He has taken canoe trips on the Danube, the Elbe, and most of the important and unimportant rivers of the Continent. He began this journey at Hannibal because it was Mark Twain's town, and he gives with a combination of effervescent humor and meticulous accuracy daily details of the long inland voyage. The book is embellished with many photographs, and an appendix gives all the necessary information.

I believe those who read his delightful volume will envy the author and will wish to emulate him, and that the year 1939 will see more canoes on the broad bosom of the Mississippi than ever before. I am astonished that he found the Missouri shortly after its union with the Mississippi cleaner and brighter than the more famous stream; for last March I made a pilgrimage to the lonely land where these two mighty streams effect a junction. The Mississippi was blue and the Missouri brown. The two rivers between which is the great State of Iowa exhibit the same respective coloring. And if I remember rightly, in that wonderful novel *Partners of Providence*, by Charles D. Stewart, of Wisconsin, we are told that after the meeting of the two rivers the blue Mississippi will not speak to the brown Missouri for some miles, but has to surrender eventually.

I do not wonder at the ease with which Mr. Raven-Hart made friends of the Americans all along the line; there never was a more likable European visitor; as an unofficial ambassador, he must have done a great deal to cement this most important international friendship. Now I hope he will return and canoe the Mississippi from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Hannibal; and the Missouri from its remote source to its entrance into the other river. He says we should have named the stream "Mississippi" from the source of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico. Then Americans could have claimed the longest river in the world, instead of having only the 12th. Fifty years ago I used to hear Americans say this, but this is the first time I have heard it urged by an Englishman. He is in earnest about it. He likes us.

Suwannee River, by C. H. Matschat, should be read by all Americans. This is America's sacred stream, made so by the immortal genius of Stephen C. Foster. I am glad to know that at its source

there is a memorial stone in his honor. We might say that this river rises higher than its source, because it rises humbly in swamps in southern Georgia near the Florida line, winds along and enters the Gulf of Mexico and the hearts of the world. The story of those who followed its devious meanderings from the beginning to its salty end is told in this book with an irresistible charm of style.

The American dramatist Philip Barry, author of *Hotel Universe*, *Paris Bound*, *The Animal Kingdom*, *Holiday*, and others, has written or anyhow published his first novel—*War in Heaven*. The scenes take place in an unimportant theater, most of them backstage; the characters are all connected with the profession. The story itself betrays its playwright-authorship; it is intensely dramatic and the appearance of the *deus ex machina* is a grand climax, and is followed by in Goethe's phrase, "The strange thing changes into something stranger, and the succeeding wonder takes us by surprise." I read this story from first word to last without rising from my chair; it held my attention viselike. And it propounds a tremendous problem to the reader; a moral problem, unsolvable, but about which it is profitable to conjecture.

I am glad the publishers have issued a new edition of the late Edith Wharton's masterpiece, *The Age of Innocence*. This novel, which appeared in 1920 along with two other famous works of fiction, *Main Street*, by Sinclair Lewis, and *Miss Lulu Bett*, by Zona Gale, is among all its author's books my favorite. It is one of the finest American novels of the 20th Century.

An amusing error was made in describing the famous fashionable wedding, one of the most dramatic events in the story. The clergyman begins, "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God." The novel had been out only a few days when the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, of New York, told me this was the first line of the burial service; one literary critic whose attention was called to it said she had doubtless written that *intentionally*.



Photo: Bonney

Edith Wharton

I was sure she had not, so I notified the publishers, who cabled her and received a cable in reply, telling them to make the change immediately. In subsequent editions and in this new one it begins properly with "Dearly beloved, we are gathered," etc.

The last time I saw Edith Wharton was at her house in France; and when I asked her if she was writing a new book, she smiled sadly and replied, "I am always writing." Death usually interrupts authors in the midst of composition. Mrs. Wharton had almost finished a novel called *The Buccaneers*, not a piratical romance, but a realistic picture of American social climbers in British society. It is well worth reading. The deaths of Edith Wharton, Anne Sedgwick, and Elinor Wylie were serious losses to American literature.

* * *

Three new books on human nature in India have appeared in 1938—the novel *The Ruins Came*, by Louis Bromfield; the novel *Hussein*, by Patrick Russ; and, lastly, a biography almost in the form of a novel: *Himself, the Autobiography of a Hindu Lady*—translated and adapted by Katherine Van Akin Gates from a book written in the Marathi language by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade. This gives a truthful and vivid picture of the daily life of a Hindu child-girl-woman married to a very fine man whom she loved and adored; and whom he was in my judgment fortunate to possess. The details of housekeeping and travel and work and recreation (not much of the last) are given. Human nature is the same everywhere, and all these people are real. It is a continuously interesting narrative. In spite of the writer's loyalty to her husband and to her country, I imagine she will not be envied by American feminine readers.

* * *

A book of ineffable joy and delight is Ogden Nash's soliloquies in verse called *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*. I have read all Ogden Nash's books, and I proclaim loudly that this is his best. It is indeed a masterpiece of wit, humor, observation, and ingenuity of rhyme. This is the book to read aloud in a circle of those who are worthy to hear it; the reading will be interrupted by spasms of uncontrollable mirth which are the appropriate obbligate. It is interesting to observe that although the author has such fierce dislikes of certain customs and of certain people, there is nothing poisonous or petulant in his disposition. I should think even his victims would love him. His laughter is the kind that clears the air, and his treatment of the things he dislikes gives

us recognition and surprise. We instantly recognize, for example, his description of parsley as an adornment to food, and the rhymes used in the description are full of sudden and wholly agreeable shocks.

* * *



Ogden Nash

Now that our well-beloved Edmund Lester Pearson has departed, the greatest living authority (from the literary point of view) on murderers and murder trials is the Scotsman William Roughead.

This author's new book, *The Enjoyment of Murder*, is a selection from true tales contained in his last three published works. In the preface he has much to say of his friendship with Mr. Pearson and others, notably Henry James, to whose memory the book is dedicated. The letters he prints from James are admirable specimens of that master's epistolary art. The murders included in Mr. Roughead's works are a part of history—they all happened; but while I enjoy reading them, I am not sure everyone will. I commend them, therefore, to those who are strong enough to digest them. Anyhow, they are a revelation of human nature almost at its worst. Mr. Roughead believes that murderers are the supreme egotists; it is often their conceit that leads to their capture.

* * *

Turning from this admirably written revelation of actual crimes, I recommend two new murder stories—specimens of detective fiction at its best. One is by Rex Stout, whose hero is Nero, the tremendous heavyweight who hates to move, but whom we see in this book actually on a train. The book is called *Too Many Cooks*. Nearly every person in the world is hungry, has been hungry, or will be hungry. But of this billion only a few are serious about their meals, are gastronomers, are artists in cooking, serving, and eating food. Now to these this murder story will make a special appeal because the characters are nearly all supremely efficient chefs, who receive a salary larger than that of the President of the United States. And at the end of the book, for the benefit of those who understand and enjoy cooking, there is a complete list of recipes. (Too much but-ter for me, but I am not an expert.)

It seems strange to me that when Nero Wolfe is such an authority on the most elaborate preparations of delicate and aris-

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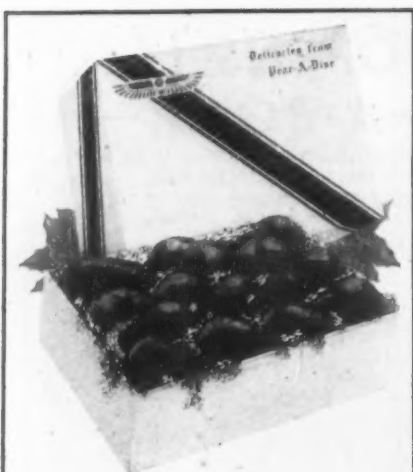
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tocratic food, his favorite drink should be beer. But we all have our peculiarities. The great poet Tennyson said that when he became poet laureate and was constantly invited out to dinner, they always had for him the liver wing of the bird and champagne. "And what I want," he said in his gruff bass, "is beef-steak and a bottle of Bass."

* * *

Another detective story, also by a reliable author, is *The Case of the Shop-lifter's Shoe*, by E. S. Gardner. Here, I am glad to say, the lawyer Perry Mason appears. This is a rattling good yarn and is packed with excitement. Perry Mason is aggressive, and any criminal who retains him is fortunate; and yet it will be noted that he will not defend anyone whom he does not believe to be innocent. His secretary, Della Street, is as efficient as she is beautiful. The gangling detective does not have so much to do as usual, but in Mr. Gardner's stories the lawyer is always the protagonist.

* * *

The American poet Arthur Davison Ficke asked this question a year or two ago: "Why don't critics pay more attention to the novels of Eden Phillpotts?" I have been reading him steadily since the year 1905, when he published *The Secret Woman*. Mr. Phillpotts is an Englishman born in India in 1862; he will celebrate his 76th birthday with the November number of this magazine. He has lived nearly all his life in southwestern England, in Devonshire; and his

earlier novels showed similarities to those of his neighbor Thomas Hardy. Mr. Phillpotts is one of the most prolific writers alive, turning out sometimes four novels in a year, and writing realistic works of fiction and murder stories with equal ease. He is not generally included among English dramatists, but he wrote a play *The Farmer's Wife*, which ran two years and a half, and another of equal beauty and charm, called *Yellow Sands*.

Well, his new story, *Lycanthrope: the Mystery of Sir William Wolf*, is a thriller of the first magnitude and extraordinarily ingenious. It is also exceedingly well written, with characters I shall not forget. The father-in-law, who plays an important part, has as his first name Fortescue, the first name of the author's father-in-law. A pretty compliment.

Do you know what either "lycanthrope" or "lycanthropy" means? I did not. Look it up in the dictionary before beginning the novel.

* * *

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:

Private Virtue—Public Good. Henry Morton Robinson. Bobbs Merrill. \$1.50.—*Down the Mississippi.* R. Raven-Hart. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.—*Savannah River.* C. H. Matschat. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.—*War in Heaven.* Philip Barry. Coward-McCann. \$2.—*Himself, the Autobiography of a Hindu Lady.* Mrs. Ramabai Ranade. Translated by Katherine Van Akin Gates. Longmans, Green. \$2.—*I'm a Stranger Here Myself.* Ogden Nash. Little, Brown. \$2.—*The Enjoyment of Murder.* William Roughhead. Sheridan House. \$2.50.—*Too Many Cooks.* Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*The Case of the Shop-lifter's Shoe.* E. S. Gardner. Wm. Morrow. \$2.—*The Age of Innocence.* The Buccaneers. Edith Wharton. Appleton-Century. \$2.50 each.—*Lycanthrope: the Mystery of Sir William Wolf.* Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. \$2.

Erratum: In the October issue the price of *Crossing and Recrossing the Connecticut River*, by Charles W. Whittlesey, was given as \$1. It should have been \$2.

Why Professors, How Can You?

[Continued from page 23]

every truck driver is burly and unversed. But I have known professors more on the make than politicians, more cautious and pompous than bankers, more dogmatic than editors, more burly and unversed than truck drivers.

I have known others reckless, delicate, humorous, faint-hearted, conceited, modest, gusty, generous, impudent, improvident, invariably conventional, and utterly unpredictable. Some have been eloquent and high-minded preachers, and some brutal cynics, and some wise as serpents, and some innocent as doves; and some have been in jail.

Yes, it is impossible to generalize about professors. But it is possible to philosophize about the profession. One thing in it does influence toward standardization, and one thing to an infinite variety.

That which influences toward standardization is constant contact with youth. Young people are inexperienced and un-

informed, and most of them are ready and indeed almost overanxious to get advice. And those who are not suggestible are indifferent. Hardly any young people are fighters in the classroom or the laboratory. They have no fixed principles for which they are ready to do battle (except the few Communists), and little knowledge which they can use as a weapon anyway. They are always urged to "do their own thinking," but they soon become aware that doing their own thinking, publicly at any rate, is dangerous to high marks.

The ideal of "academic freedom" hardly extends to undergraduates, or even to graduate students. Acceptance is safer. In consequence the professor who permits himself "to live in a cloistered world" is likely to become too sure he is right. And public opinion makes it rather difficult for the professor to break out of the cloistered world into

the open. The general belief is that the professor's place is in the classroom. That a lawyer, or a businessman, or a farmer should run for office is thought only natural. A professor who runs for office is shackled by his very title. Even at ordinary dinner tables a banker, for instance, who is brilliant in conversation is thought delightful, but a professor similarly brilliant is called "eccentric," or even "dangerous."

So, many professors continue to live in a cloistered world. They live uncontradicted, mentally unopposed; and it is almost as hard for such not to become dogmatic as it is for editors. Professors do, however, most of them, fight the temptation to take their own opinions for gospel. They offer no hypotheses in their own fields, publish no articles, which are not the result of long and careful investigation, and which are not based on elaborately massed evidence. They are not afraid of their students, and they are not afraid of general public opinion, but they are very much afraid of their colleagues. So, not so many of them are standardized into the attitude of certainty as might be feared. Still, the influence toward that attitude is always there.

IN the other hand, there is a general influence toward variety. It is the difficulty of knowing whether one's teaching is good or bad, wise or unwise. If your tub leaks, you call in a plumber, and he either fixes it or he does not, but in any case you know. If you want to buy stocks, you consult a broker, and he may advise you intelligently or he may advise you unintelligently, but in either case presently you know. And the plumber knows, and the broker. So the plumber and the broker can base their advice on fixed principles, and thus, as it were, standardize their teaching. But a professor does not and cannot know whether he is mending a leak or making it worse, recommending sound investments in thought, or cats and dogs. Nobody ever knows. There are too many factors involved to make even a good guess possible. The professor conducts his research on fixed principles, but his teaching is wholly by guess.

To be sure, there are "schools of education." They dominate elementary- and secondary-school teaching nowadays. In most of the United States nobody may teach in the grade or high schools unless he—or she—has credit for so many courses in some school of education, and has presumably learned the fixed principles of teaching. Schools of education have done much to standardize, conventionalize, and make "typical" the teachers in pre-college schools. But on pro-

fessors their influence is even yet inconsiderable. As a teacher, the professor still has to work out his own salvation, or damnation, as the case may be; to the day of his death he doesn't know which.

Now but for one thing only, this lack of any standards of measurement of his effectiveness as a teacher would tend to reduce him to futility. If he cannot know how much or how little he is accomplishing, why should he bother? If he is easy-going, he will be popular among the undergraduates and laughed at by his faculty associates; if he is firm,

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the undergraduates will be inclined to resentment and his associates on the faculty will probably assume that he is a man of character. But in either case—indeed, in any case—he knows that he will be promoted or dismissed on grounds quite apart from his ability as a teacher, so why should he worry about that?

Because in nine cases out of ten—at least such is about the proportion, judging from my own experience—professors become professors because they have a call to the job. A young fellow discovers somehow that he has an exceptionally good mind; and presently he discovers also that he enjoys the solution of intellectual problems, in language, or geology, or economics; and suddenly he becomes aware of a vision and a dream. He may, if he chooses, go on through life trying to solve such intellectual problems, in company with others similarly minded.

If his father is well off, the young man will probably not be encouraged to become a professor, for there are no big financial prizes in the profession, even for the ablest. From \$6,000 to \$15,000 a year is the most even the most distinguished men in the profession get, whereas equally distinguished lawyers, doctors, engineers, can earn ten times as much. But to the young fellow working his way through college, the possibility of earning \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year for doing what he most likes to do is not unattractive. Sometimes, especially if he marries in his 20's and gives hostages to fortune, he regrets his dream. But not often. He knows he wants to "have fun with his mind." And he knows—this is my point—that teaching is the price he pays for doing what he most likes to do. And he determines to pay the price honestly.

A few even like teaching. They think they teach well, though they can't be sure, and they enjoy the contact with youth. The ablest professor always looks for, and occasionally finds, better minds than his among his students, and the joy of such discoveries is very great. Even the rank and file of pupils, yes, even the dumbest, are more intelligent than the "average man" in business or industry; they would never get into college at all if they were not, and though they may seem out of place in college, they would not seem so in, for instance, Congress. Professors who like teaching have also generally some strain of the actor in them, and take pleasure in performing before an audience. Kittredge of Harvard, Phelps of Yale, Spaeth of Princeton, Morse-Stephens of Cornell, Vincent of Chicago, were great scholars, or at any rate great men, and they were also great actors in the classroom, taking de-

light in their own rôles. I have known many such.

So because most professors are men of honor, paying their debt to society for opportunity by devotion to the teaching job, sometimes with pleasure, they do their best year after year, in classroom and laboratory and consultation, experimenting, organizing, toiling through the endless routine. Of a professor of his day, Chaucer remarked, "And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach." Recently Bliss Perry has repeated the remark—and would that Bliss Perry were "typical"!

Nevertheless, the professor, in all universities and most colleges, knows that his advancement depends not on his teaching, but on his publications. He got his job in the first place on his promise in "research," and he moves up in accordance with the known fulfillment of that promise. And research means work, endless labor. A hypothesis, however ingenious, will not even be put forward until it has been sustained by evidence laboriously massed—by the observation of a thousand phenomena, the devisal and repetition of a thousand experiments, the examination of a thousand manuscripts.

ONE young man, to collect data on a complicated anthropological theory, spent 15 months alone among savages of a little-known tribe on an island visited only three or four times a year by ships. Another, after years of inspired toil, developed for use in statistical studies a machine so deft that he can take a profile of your face and with the machine give you an equation for the profile; a third—he is president of the American Association of University Professors now, and calls himself a "has-been"—once fasted for 15 days to verify previously observed sensations; a fourth spent all his vacation time for seven years, and more money than he could afford, in the examination of unique manuscripts preserved 1,000 miles from the college in which he taught. Such fellows are typical.

Finally, for promotion, or for what he cares more about, for his own personal satisfaction, the professor must manage to get a statement of his views, and of his evidence, before the world of his associates in the profession. The lawyer, the doctor, the engineer, works for his clients, and is judged by them; the businessman for his customers, and is judged by them; but the only opinion that is of the slightest importance to the professor, or in his advancement, is the opinion of his competitors.

In this lies the grief of the profession. In this lies its glory.

Does Radio Harm Our Children?

Yes!—Says Eleanor Saltzman

[Continued from page 12]

appeal to a child's passing fancy, and while one advertiser's medal of valor may be in the popular lead this week, week after next the carton of a rival may bring a membership ring which no youngster could resist. These programs aim at the parent, through the child—it is the parent, the purchaser, who is important to the sale of the product.

Some partial and special studies have been made of radio's effects on children's minds, nerves, and general health and outlook, but as yet there has been none, so far as I know, sufficiently general, thorough, and authentic to support broad conclusions or wholesale indictments. Several years ago, however, thorough-going investigations, sponsored by The Payne Fund, were conducted concerning children and movies. Movies and radio are not alike—they not only appeal to different senses, but they also differ in many other respects, so they can be correlated in only the roughest fashion. Still, in lieu of other conclusions based on research, these for movies will prove suggestive and, in many instances, may have a certain validity for radio.

The motion picture was found to be "a potent medium of education"—a single exposure to a picture might produce a measurable change in a child's attitude. When the study was made (1933), the content of current movies, as a whole, was not a healthful influence educationally for children. Then, too, movies offered a problem because what passed lightly over an adult head might act entirely differently with children.

The children were found to increase their general information by that correctly shown on the screen, but they also often accepted misinformation as valid. They learned more after seeing it on the screen while seeking amusement than when learning was the avowed purpose. And they remembered best things concerned with sports, general action, crime, and fighting. All these conclusions are certainly suggestive of some of the things we may discover when comparable studies of the effect of radio on children are available.

These radio programs are in some respects like the fairy stories of our own childhood. The "good" always triumph, the "bad" always lose, although the children must follow the radio hero and heroine through narrow escapes for months before reaching the ultimate tri-

umphant ending. There are no shadings of character, as in real life, no half-lights, no grays—in a few moments the radio voice will reveal whether a character is to be black or white, sympathetic or no. And what happens to the characters is violent past all resemblance to life. No one contends that the programs encourage vicious habits among their listeners. It is simply that they are distortions, negative and disturbing when they should be positive and beneficial.

Radio is young yet. There are scores who make it their business to write these programs, and there are among them many honest souls who would like to make of their medium an art. Not all the programs are of the "terror tales" school. There have been many harmless series on the air, and many more of really fine character. It is only that the other is so obvious and so sure-fire, as far as immediate results are concerned.

The advertiser is anxious to please parents if he can be shown that another course than that he is following will bring him the business he seeks. Boycotts against some programs, regulation somewhat like censorship—these are not feasible, nor do they achieve their ends by constructive means. Then, too, since the medium is extremely flexible, the character of a program may change from day to day.

Improvement must come chiefly, I believe, through the studios, through the sponsors. They can make a decisive contribution if they understand the importance of improvement. The sponsors wish to reach the parents, through the children. Is it not reasonable that a favorable attitude from both parent and child will best accomplish the wished-for steady increase in sales volume? This can be achieved by the production of more wholesome programs alive enough to attract and hold children's attention.

And the mothers are not unreasonable. "We really aren't awfully hard to please," they say earnestly. "We don't expect every episode to be a masterpiece. Only, please, don't lay it on so thick, night after night!"

Quality can, and often does, have popular appeal. Several years ago *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which critics thought would reach only a narrow circle of readers, leaped into best-sellerdom. The editor of a magazine published for the millions says his newsstand sales grow as he im-

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When writing, please mention "The Rotarian"

proves the literary quality of his stories. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which brings genuine distinction to the screen, has broken box-office records.

The programs need not lose all drama and emotional tenseness. Stevenson wrote *A Child's Garden of Verses*, it is true, but he also wrote *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, first-class adventure stories.

Life itself has a dramatic quality which pervades all genuine literature and which I would not minimize. No thoughtful parent wants his child to be insensitive to the thrills and tragedies of living, to the lights and shades of character which make no one of us all good or all bad. To give the child something of the whole

of life, its daydreams, its thrills, its comedies, its tragedies, its realities—is it too much to hope that the blue-even programs can reach this broader scope?

The whole wide range of childhood fancies, something of the complexities of adult living that the boys and girls are so rapidly approaching, entertainment that satisfies childish curiosity about the world and those who live in it—all these await adequate expression for childhood at the dials. To bring them to the radio in the best form possible, script writers, advertisers, radio officials, and parents must all work together. Our children are listening. What they hear is the responsibility of their elders.

Does Radio Harm Our Children?

No!—Says Elmo Scott Watson

[Continued from page 14]

profit by those who care to do so."

Not so good. Or is it? May I submit that progressive disillusionment, which includes discovery of the truth about Santa Claus and fairies, is a true and necessary part of education? Surely the growing child will get over his credulity. By being exposed early, may he not turn out to be a shrewder grownup than some of his immediate elders?

Two generations ago we got most of our childish thrills through a single medium, print. We were urged to read the "wholesome" stories in the old *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*. We were permitted freely the more robust Henty and Castlemon; and some of our parents indifferently did not refuse us overdoses of Rollo, Alger, and Elsie Dinsmore. That, however, does not mean that our children can be satisfied with similar mental fare. A vast quantity and variety of reading matter unknown to earlier generations are already available to them. In addition they have the movies. And the radio. Horizons have widened correspondingly. Twelve to 14 years has a sophistication and outlook unknown earlier. It's not difficult to understand why they want "thrills and chills" on the radio. But they will outgrow the taste and bear no scars. To think otherwise is to have too little faith in the intelligence of our sons and daughters.

If it is argued that there may be scars, I might admit the possibility if "terror tales" were all that children hear on the air. But that's not so. Children listen to quite as many adult programs as outright juveniles. Some of the programs intended for adults are very good. Some are terrible. Few, if any, are likely to be productive of vicious effects.

Consider what's on the air. A recent survey showed the following distribution by time percentages: music, 52.45; talks and dialogues, 11.41; dramatic, 9.11; variety, 8.84; news, 8.55; special events, 2.21; and miscellaneous, 7.43.

Music, news, and special events are the kinds of programs least likely to have any but a beneficial effect, and they occupy so much of the air time that only 36.79 percent is left for programs which conceivably might be harmful, even if they were as bad as some people paint them.

In their horror over the "bad," parents tend to overlook the immense "good" of radio. Even in the children's thrillers there are certain positive values. I know about that personally, for during a two-year period I was script writer for such a program. It dealt with Indian life. I had instructions concerning what I should and should not put in. I was told: "Make your incidents interesting and exciting enough to appeal to the average healthy, wholesome, adventure-loving boy or girl, but avoid any morbid or gruesome details involving bloodshed and death." I was also told: "Take every opportunity to emphasize in the characters in the script the qualities of honesty, truthfulness, loyalty, fair dealing, unselfishness, courage, and respect for authority and for their elders." These were about the same instructions as old Erastus Beadle gave his dime-novel writers more than half a century ago. Those little yellow-backs, in fact, were highly moral: a fact that parents usually overlooked because they rarely took the trouble to read them.

Today as then, reading "radio" for "dime novel," parents seem to attend only to the whoop and hurrah of chil-

dren's programs, missing the constructive elements. Some parents criticized my scripts, saying they were "too Wild West." Others praised them for moral lessons taught. As for the children, their principal criticism was lack of excitement, especially when we varied the action with a legend of Indian life.

Leaders in radio recognize their "editorial responsibility" to listeners, and at least one of the major American radio networks has issued a list of themes not to be permitted in broadcasts for children. Outlawed matter includes any appearance of making a hero of a gangster, criminal, or racketeer; disrespect for parents or other proper authority; cruelty, greed, and selfishness; action arousing harmful nervous reactions; conceit, smugness, or an unwarranted superiority of anyone over others less fortunate; recklessness; unfair exploitation of others; exalting dishonesty and deceit.

No, those in radio are not unaware of or contemptuous of the protests of parents. And particularly the advertisers are not unaware of them. An executive of an advertising agency said:

"If the average sponsor gets a dozen letters of protest, he begins to sit up and take notice. If there should happen to be 100, he interprets it as a veritable tidal wave of indignation which calls for immediate change in the program."

THERE is enough truth in this statement to indicate the potential power in the hands of parents if they want to exercise it. If parents can agree about what is really bad on the air, organized protest will bring a change. Have no doubt of that! But before we damn the children's programs out-of-hand, let's be very sure of our ground. Let's remember that we were children ourselves once, and liked "something exciting"; some of us may have forgotten that. Let's remember that educators, psychologists, and physicians have not been able to agree on what's really "bad" on the air for children, but, on the other hand, they do say there's an immense amount of "good." Let's accept the fact that the radio industry itself is aware of its responsibilities and is moving in the direction of improvement.

This is not a plea for do-nothingism. No! The radio is so powerful an instrument in our modern world that the best thought that all of us can bring to its wise and beneficial use is not too much. I do say, simply, let's evaluate *all* the factors involved and not just one or two or three that happen to impinge on our consciousness and irritate us in that hurried, hurried, often snappish-tempered hour between sundown and dinner.

DO YOU WRITE?

Few things afford one as much pleasure as being in print. If you write at all, have ever written, or think you can write, here's a suggestion from which genuine and lasting pleasure is derivable:

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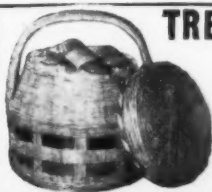
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FREE—Ask our local dealer for a copy of 32-page booklet, "The World's Best Books" or write direct to us.



Above: Ben Franklin style solid end bookcase. Below: Economy style sectional bookcase . . . "grows as your library grows."



Right: Ardmore style solid end bookcase . . . made in several sizes . . . shelves adjustable every half inch . . . genuine walnut or mahogany finishes.



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The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families

JUST as Benvenuto Cellini and other masters of metalcraft in the Middle Ages found pleasure in their work, so today work with metal interests men who find a few spare moments to give to it as a hobby. Some like to work with metal; others, like ROTARIAN JOHN WOODMAN HIGGINS, of Worcester, Mass., prefer to collect masterpieces in metal.

Steel in the hands of the skilled craftsman may result in a beautiful as well as a utilitarian product, according to ROTARIAN HIGGINS. For 25 years he has been visiting the world's art and industrial centers to promote a renaissance in the artistic use of steel. During that time he has become an enthusiastic collector of ancient armor.

In his private museum open to the public is a display of armor and weapons illustrating the skill of the master armorers through the period of the Crusades, the conquests, and the days of knighthood, chivalry, and heraldry, up to the 18th Century when the perfection of firearms depressed the armorer's trade.

"These suits of armor," declares ROTARIAN HIGGINS, "are classed among the fine arts, while a fine automobile chassis, with all its perfection, power, and beauty, representing the modern world's greatest achievements in science and skill in the working of steel, is only just a 'machine.'"

His collection includes panoplied and armored knights mounted on armored and gaily caparisoned horses; suits of mail composed of thousands of tiny links, each forged and riveted by patient, skillful hands; suits of heavy plate of later periods; proved battle armor and beautiful jousting armor; helmets, breastplates, and backplates of the Roman Era; pole arms, swords, and battleaxes capable of cleaving the stoutest helmet; and all types of bows, guns, and implements illustrative of the long contest between offensive and defensive armor.

"We have to watch out for the clever faker and forger," says ROTARIAN HIGGINS, for on several occasions seemingly authentic armor or weapons have turned out to be anything but genuine. Occasionally he comes across a rare "copy," as, for example, a tilting helmet made in 1570.

ROTARIAN EDWIN M. GEROULD, of Swampscott, Mass., prefers to take the hammer in hand himself to enjoy wrought metalwork. Creating a beautifully shaped bowl, plate, tray, or a delicate piece of handmade jewelry is the best hobby of all, he insists.

"Instead of coming home and firing the cook and kicking the cat," he advises the tired businessman, "just go down to your bench, get yourself a hammer and a piece of pewter or copper, and become absorbed in a nice bowl or ash tray. First thing you know you will have worked yourself out of that sinister feeling. Then go upstairs to exhibit your creation, and instead of firing the cook, you'll raise her salary, and then give the cat a bowl of milk."

Suits of armor are classed in the fine arts by Rotarian Higgins, who exhibits his large collection in his own unique museum.

His greatest thrill came, he reports, when he took his tools to Florida with him and while there opened a small metalcraft workshop, and, as a consequence, sold some of his products.

"A hobby does things for you," declares MRS. GLEN BEVERLY, wife of a Rotarian, of Burlingame, Kans., whose hobbies are glass and gardening. "It will make you charming. For charm lies in self-fulfillment. A hobby will contribute to your success if you are a business or professional woman. A hobby will keep you young—even make you younger. A hobby will cure you of the blues. A hobby will be a solace when all the world seems to go wrong. . . . A hobby will fortify you against the flagging years. Lasso one now and train it and ride it hard. If you weary of it, break in another."

What's Your Hobby?

Wanted: your name and your hobby for this little directory. THE GROOM publishes it just to help you meet other folks with the same hobby. The directory is open to all Rotarians and members of Rotarians' families.

Wood Specimens: Chas. H. Small, 2909 Warrenton Road, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

Stamps: John Mazek (wishes to exchange stamps of British Jubilee issue for United States stamps, and to correspond with Rotarians in British possessions who hold horticultural classification), Apopka, Fla., U.S.A.

Radio: John D. Larkin, III (wishes to correspond with other Rotarian radio fans), Larkin Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., U.S.A.

Genealogy: Mrs. Albert C. Ellis (wishes to correspond with genealogists of Craig family in York County, Pa., before 1760 and Burns family of same place; Bell, Shearman, Lewis, Martin, Nelms, and Ball families in Lancaster and near-by counties, in Virginia as early as 1680 or earlier; Caldwell, Patton, and Toomey families in Christian and McCracken counties, in Kentucky as early as 1804), 1830 Laramie St., Manhattan, Kans., U.S.A.

Weekly Newspapers: Thomas W. Burke (interested in collecting issues of weekly newspapers—no more than two of each), The Keller Printery, 7th and Middle Sts., Ashland, Pa., U.S.A.

Wood Carving and Sailboating: Richard T. Dooner, 1724 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance*, 1938-39 (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

THIRD WEEK (NOVEMBER)—Visiting Rotarians Find a Welcome (Club Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

Passport to Friendship. Editorial. This issue, page 41.
Don't Be Afraid to Applaud! Harry A. Mutchmor. This issue, page 45.
Being Candid about Ostend. George R. Averill. Mar., 1938.

Case Studies in Courtesy. Editorial. June, 1935.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Visiting Rotarians Find a Welcome. No. 370.

FOURTH WEEK (NOVEMBER)—Creating a "Spare-Tire" Language (International Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

A Language Cut to Fit the World. Alice V. Morris. This issue, page 36.
Needed: A "Spare-Tire" Language. Walter D. Head. Mar., 1937.
Esperanto—The Ideal Auxiliary Language? (debate). Rotary Should Endorse It. Karl Von Freneckell. A Living Language Is Better. Bernhard H. Dawson. Oct., 1934.
More about Esperanto (symposium). Nov., 1934.

Other Magazines—

International Language. James Frederick Abel. School Life. May, 1938.
What Price Conservatism! World Auxiliary Language. George Herbert Curtis. National Education Association Journal. Mar., 1938.
The Case for an International Language. W. A. Powell. Contemporary Review. Feb., 1938.
Auxiliary World Language Is Goal of Investigation. Science News Letter. Dec. 18, 1937.

Books—

A System of Basic English. Charles Kay Ogden. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. \$2.50. The inventor enthusiastically describes a system based upon use of 850 English words as a universal language.
Cosmopolitan Conversation. Herbert Newhard Shenton. Columbia University Press. 1914. \$7.50. A sociologist reviews the problems involved in a universal synthetic language.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Creating a "Spare-Tire" Language. No. 728.

SECOND WEEK (DECEMBER)—Guiding Youth into Useful Service (Vocational Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

Intellectual Groceries. Editorial. This issue, page 40.
How to Get a Start in Life (series). Walter B. Pitkin.
Get Yourself a Wedge Job! This issue, page 33.
Add Friends, Multiply Opportunity. Oct., 1938.
The Mathematics of Versatility. Sept., 1938.
How to Get a Start in Life. June, 1938.
Boy into Businessman. Glenn Stewart. Aug., 1938.
Education: Academic or Practical? (debate). Train the Mind! Burges Johnson. Train the Whole Man! Samuel N. Stevens. Aug., 1938.
Politics: A Field for Young Men. Meredith Nicholson. Aug., 1938.
Politics As a Career. Viscount Snowden. July, 1938.
The School That Goes to School. Selma Robinson. July, 1938.
More Education or a Job? Henry C. Link. May, 1938.
Young Minds Made Up—Editorial. Apr., 1938.
... and in the Making. Editorial. Apr., 1938.

Other Magazines—

Bill Smith Surveys His Vocational Chances. R. H. Mathewson. Scholastic. Mar., 1938.
Is There a Job for Me? B. S. Lille. Canadian Magazine. Oct., 1937.
Second Job Counts Most. Loire Brophy. The Saturday Evening Post. July 24, 1937.

Books—

New Careers for Youth. Walter B. Pitkin. Simon & Schuster. 1934. \$1.50. A survey of the vocational field.
Men Must Work. Loire Brophy. Appleton-Century. 1938. \$1.75.
Beyond High School. M. E. Bennet and H. C. Hand. McGraw-Hill. 1938. \$1.36.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From Morgan-Dillon & Co., 5154 N. Clark St., Chicago:

Success. A series of monographs giving vocational information on 55 occupations. 32c each, or \$16.50 per set.

From the Twin Cities Publishing Co., Champaign, Ill.:

Your Place in Life. John B. McDonnell, editor. 1938. 25c. A review of 22 vocations.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Guiding Youth into Useful Service. No. 512A.
Occupational Guidance for Youth. No. 655.
Rotary's Vocational Bookshelf. No. 512.
Careers for Youth (reprints of Walter B. Pitkin's earlier series). 25c.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

CAN WE BUILD PEACE?

From THE ROTARIAN—

Men Must Make Peace. José Ortega y Gasset. This issue, page 8.

The News Is Peace. Editorial. This issue, page 40.

Planting Peace in Our Back Yards. Herbert W. Hines. Oct., 1938.

Men Who Welcome War. Editorial. May, 1938.
'Can't Rotary Do Something?' Chesley R. Perry. Feb., 1938.

Does Human Nature Change? John Dewey. Feb., 1938.

A Department of Peace? (debate). Yes—Frank E. Gannett. No! Pertinax. Nov., 1937.

Other Magazines—

After Geneva: The Defense of Peace. Walter Lippmann. Yale Review. June, 1938.

Books—

Analysis of the Problem of War. Clyde Eagleton. Ronald Press. 1937. \$1.50. The author studies carefully the causes and cures for war, concludes international organization alone can prevent it.
Peace or War? A conference edited by Harold S. Quigley. University of Minnesota Press. 1937. 50c. A series of speeches by distinguished authorities on government administration, history, and international law.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace:

Peace and Permanent Prosperity. Sir George Paish. International Conciliation. Pamphlet No. 705.

From THE ROTARIAN—

In Search of Peace: The Views of Five Men. Henry Morton Robinson, Sir George Paish, Salvador de Madariaga, Cordell Hull, and Sir Arthur Salter. 1 to 19 copies, 10c; 20 to 99, 5c; 100 to 999, 4c; 1,000 and over, 3c. Reprinted from THE ROTARIAN.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Rotary's Role in Developing International Friendship and Understanding. No. 718.
Developing Informed Public Opinion. No. 744.
World Peace through World Trade. No. 783.
Organizing for Peace. No. 725G.

RADIO—PAIN OR PLEASURE?

From THE ROTARIAN—

Does Radio Harm Our Children? (debate). Yes! Eleanor Saltzman. No! Elmo Scott Watson. This issue, pages 11 and 13.

Radio Rescues the Musical Amateur. Doron K. Antrim. Jan., 1938.

Radio (debate). The British Way. Stephen King-Hall. The American Way. Earl Reeves. May, 1934.

Other Magazines—

Radio Horror: For Children Only. Worthington Gibson. American Mercury. July, 1938.

Books—

Is American Radio Democratic? S. E. Frost. University of Chicago Press. 1938. \$2.50. The author reviews various means of control.

ARE YOU SAFE AT HOME?

From THE ROTARIAN—

Keep the Home Fires from Burning. Selma Robinson. This issue, page 30.

Science Catches the Arsonist. Henry Morton Robinson. Mar., 1938.

Everyone Pays for Fires. Henry T. McIntosh. Sept., 1937.

Fireman, Save My Furniture! Paul W. Kearney. Apr., 1937.

Other Magazines—

Fire Drills in Your Own Home. J. J. McElligott as told to Paul W. Kearney. The Reader's Digest. Sept., 1937; McCall's. May, 1937.
Cleveland's Fire Alarm Covers Entire City. C. G. Harris. American City. Aug., 1938.

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Left to right: Contributors Gray, Linn, Saltzman, Watson, Grenfell

Chats on Contributors

LIKE his ancestor Sir Richard Grenville, who in a single little ship attacked 53 huge galleons back in 1591, **Sir Wilfred Grenfell**, *To the North Lies Labrador*, is a warrior. Since that memorable day in 1892, when his hospital ship dropped anchor off the coast of Labrador, he has fought disease, poverty, and illiteracy through the establishment of health stations, orphanages, schools, and cooperative stores; has introduced cattle, sheep, and vegetable gardens; has virtually reorganized the life of Labrador from its economic basis to its spiritual welfare. In addition to his work as doctor, guardian, religious leader, and friend of Labrador's people, he has written many books, among them *Adrift on an Ice Pan*, *Forty Years for Labrador*, *The Romance of Labrador*. . . . One of the foremost intellectual leaders of Spain is **José Ortega y Gasset**, *Men Must Make Peace*, for many years professor of philosophy and literature at the University of Madrid. Founder and editor of *Revista de Occidente*, he has written several books, of which *The Revolt of the Masses* is probably the best known. Prior to the outbreak of civil war he was a leader in the Spanish Parliament. . . . Interpretation of the sciences is the specialty of **George W. Gray**, who tells here of *Helium for Humanity*. For nearly 25 years he has done freelance writing, and includes *New World Picture* and *The Advancing Front of Science* among his published works.



Ortega y Gasset

From the debate-of-the-month rostrum come two viewpoints on a question now puzzling parents: *Does Radio Harm Our Children?* **Eleanor Saltzman**, who answers in the affirmative, holds a master's degree from the State University of Iowa, pens articles dealing with problems of child welfare, has written a novel. . . . To the defense of the children's hour come the arguments of **Elmo Scott Watson**, who indulged his hobby of frontier history for two years by writing scripts for radio programs for children. In addition to editing *The Publishers' Auxiliary*, he instructs in journalism at Northwestern University and writes feature articles for

newspapers. . . . Professor of English at the University of Chicago, **James Weber Linn**, *Why Professors, How Can You?*, is well known as a novelist and biographer. A nephew of Jane Addams, Chicago's famed settlement worker, he told the story of her life in *Jane Addams, A Biography*. Other published works include *Wind Over the Campus* and *This Is the Life*. . . . **William Lyon Phelps** again surveys the latest books in *May I Suggest—*. A New Haven, Conn., Rotarian, he is professor emeritus of English literature of Yale University.

Birds have been the interest of **William Vogt**, *Conservation Works—and Pays*, as far back as he can remember. Early he succeeded in fusing his vocation, journalism, with his hobby, ornithology. Following his experience as curator of a bird sanctuary on Long Island, N. Y., he became editor of *Bird-Lore*, publication of the National Association of Audubon Societies. . . . *In Defense of Douglas* is one of the last articles of the late **Douglas Malloch**, widely known American poet, author, and speaker. ROTARIAN readers will recall his many contributions. . . . A means of transportation, not for people and goods such as her great-grandfather Commodore Vanderbilt constructed, but for ideas is the aim of **Alice V. Morris**, who pleads here for *A Language Cut to Fit the World*. She was a moving spirit in the organizing of the International Auxiliary Language Association, is now its honorary secretary. Her husband is Dave H. Morris, former United States Ambassador to Belgium. . . . *Get Yourself a Wedge Job!* urges **Walter B. Pitkin**, Columbia University psychologist and widely read author, as he continues his *How to Get a Start in Life* series. . . . **Selma Robinson**, *Keep the Home Fires from Burning*, has written numerous articles, short stories, and poems for such publications as *Harper's*, *The Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, *The New Yorker*. She has contributed previously to THE ROTARIAN. . . . **Harry A. Mutchmor**, who writes *Don't Be Afraid to Applaud!*, is a member of the Rotary Club of Estevan, Sask., Canada. His classification: Protestant churches. . . . A frequent contributor to these columns, **Joseph E. Pooley**, *Can a Rotarian Grow Old?*, is a member of the Rotary Club of Madison, N. J., where he is headmaster of the Madison Academy.

Left to right: Contributors Robinson, Morris, Mutchmor, Vogt, Pitkin



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THE INSPIRATION OF THE
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Dr. Louis L. Mann

Some years ago, Dr. Mann delivered an address before the Rotary Club of Chicago on the "Philosophy of Rotary," and because of many requests it later appeared in *THE ROTARIAN*.

For years people in all parts of the United States and Canada have continued asking for copies. When he spoke over a national radio chain several months ago on the most vital of all human problems—the quest of happiness—he was literally swamped with requests for copies of his radio presentation.

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In dealing with the positive side, the book is a source of

inspiration. The section devoted to Converting Liabilities Into Assets should be read by all those who are victims of self-pity. "We succeed in life and obtain happiness not in spite of obstacles and frustrations, but *because* of them," says the author. How to get the most out of life through eyes that see, ears that hear, hearts that feel, and souls that aspire, is told in terms of apperception with an intriguing appreciation of the good and true and beautiful.

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James Truslow Adams, historian

Hammock Minds

Are people today reverting to the dream world of childhood to escape the dread of thinking? Too many are, asserts James Truslow Adams in the January ROTARIAN, for thinking is going out of style. Lolling in "intellectual hammocks" will get us nowhere, says the historian. "We must solve . . . our problems by hard thinking by all."

Income-Tax Blues

Generalizations about income taxes of the Englishman and American often are served up unseasoned by facts. Who pays more? That's the question F. Britten Austin, British writer, answers in a revealing comparison in the forthcoming issue.

Through the Hoop

Forty-six years ago nobody had heard of basketball. Yet today, in this season of the year, millions are playing it in many countries. How the pulse-pumping game dribbled its way into the world of sports is told by James Naismith, its originator, next month.

Favored Books of 1938

William Lyon Phelps, eminent literary critic, tells of the ten fiction and non-fiction works which he enjoyed reading the most during the 1938 literary season and tells why—

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Our Readers' Open Forum

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Late Facts on Rhodes Scholars

Without attempting to express an opinion on the question raised or attempting to choose the winner of the October ROTARIAN debate-of-the-month, *Should College Athletes Be Paid?*, by Forrest C. Allen and John L. Griffith, there are two or three comments which I think should be made on Mr. Allen's article.

He is quite out of date in his comments on the Rhodes Scholarship. In the early days some athletic prowess was expected. At the present time it is quite untrue to state that "one of the requirements of the Rhodes Scholarship is, in fact, that the applicant be outstanding in at least one sport." I know the boys from Wesleyan who have won Rhodes Scholarships in the last decade; I have met a large number of Rhodes Scholars when visiting Oxford; I have served a number of times on committees for the choice of Rhodes Scholars. The applicant must be manly and interested in outdoor sports. It is my guess that a majority of the Rhodes Scholars for the past few years never even won their letter in any sport; at least, I am quite sure that this is true in New England. I can think of case after case of successful candidates who enjoy tennis or golf, but never accomplished enough in competitive sport to win a letter even in a small college.

Further, Mr. Allen is not quite aware of the situation country-wide when he says that colleges should put all athletic activities, including budgets, under the direct control of the administration, as the State of New York does in its high schools. This is exactly the situation in a large number of colleges at present. In the one which I know best, the administration and the trustees have the same responsibility for all expenditures for sport that they have for the department of chemistry. Nearly all the "small" New England colleges have the same plan—and many in other parts of the country.

As a former college debater, I am a little dubious about the way in which ex-President Angell's quotation was used by Mr. Allen. When Dr. Angell says that sports are fine, that they should be shared by the whole college community, and that they are accordingly "an intrinsic part of the work of the college," I think it is decidedly twisting the quotation to insinuate that he means athletes should be subsidized.

JAMES L. MCCONAUGHY, *Rotarian*
Classification: Educating—Universities
President, Wesleyan University
Middletown, Connecticut

. . . And a Reply

I find that, as President McConaughy points out, I am out of date on my Rhodes Scholarship requirements, and I stand corrected. . . . When some of my college friends made the Rhodes Scholarship grade, they were then usually picked from athletic teams. But I see they have modified that, and I think it is right and proper that they should.

So far as colleges putting all athletic activities, including budgets, under the direct control of the administration, I know that is not true in our section and in the West. . . . Many administrators may say that they do it that way,

but while the members of the athletic board are generally from the faculty, alumni, and student groups, it is entirely a different method of handling money from that used in strictly college finances.

Now, regarding the quotation of ex-President Angell. I did not mean to insinuate Dr. Angell had any thought of subsidizing athletes. I know that he never did. My only point was in stressing the fact that educators thought that athletics should be an intrinsic part of the work of the college, and as athletics are being handled now, that idea has become badly warped. There was certainly no intention of "twisting the quotation" in an effort to have Dr. Angell say something he did not intend to say.

FORREST C. ALLEN
Director of Physical Education
University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kansas

Accident Article Timely

Too many people nowadays look upon safety or accident prevention as being a myth, one not worthy of second consideration, but such articles as *Accidents Are 'Out'*, by Henry Morton Robinson [August ROTARIAN], just hit the nail on the head.

This article is a timely one and should do a great deal toward making all who read it realize that, after all, there is something in safety. You are indeed to be congratulated on its publication.

ARTHUR GABOURY, *Rotarian*
Classification: Safety Leagues
The Quebec Association for the
Prevention of Industrial Accidents
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Early Cosmopolitanism

The House with the World Within [October ROTARIAN] is indeed, as its author, Harry Edmonds, implies, a practical expression of Rotary's Fourth Object.

Mr. Edmonds, the originator of the International House idea, is deserving of great credit, as is Mr. Rockefeller, who made the execution of the idea possible.

Long before the first International House was built in New York City in 1924, the principle was in active operation in at least one university center. The Cosmopolitan Club at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, was completed in 1911 and contained dormitories, dining-rooms, and other facilities. In that year the writer recalls living in that building along with students from China, India, and South Africa, as well as from various European and Latin American countries. Among this group was Hu Shih, recently appointed Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

This building, of which we were very proud, was built without the financial assistance of any philanthropist. I understand that some years later a large portion of the indebtedness was paid off by the widow of a Cornell alumnus (Willard Straight) and the wife of another Cornell student from England.

To the further credit of that group it might also be mentioned that during the Christmas recess of 1912, a number of Cornell Cosmopolitans went to New York City and tried to

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arouse interest in the rather dormant Cosmopolitan Club of Columbia University. Little did they surmise that a few years later, through the spirit of Mr. Edmonds and the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, a greater "Cosmopolitan Club" would arise in New York City than they had ever dreamed of.

CHARLES WEISS, Rotarian

Classification: Railway Transportation—Maintenance of Way

Valparaiso, Indiana

According to Chairman H. H. Love, of the committee for foreign students at Cornell University, the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club was the first Club of its kind organized at an educational institution in America. Organized in 1904, it has served continuously from that date in making the life of the student from abroad more pleasant during his college years. When a new director was needed at the New York International House, John L. Mott, then director of the Cornell Cosmopolitan Club, was chosen.—EDS.

Service at World's Fairs

I am wondering whether it is the intention to make arrangements for Rotary luncheons at the Fairs in New York and San Francisco next year. If nothing has been done, isn't the subject worthy of consideration? Surely there will be many Rotarians attending the Fairs, and if it were known that on a certain day a Rotary luncheon or dinner would be held at a certain place, many would time their visits accordingly. The respective Clubs could do a fine service job in preparing information about housing facilities in or near the two cities, and also in arranging activities requiring various lengths of time at special rates.

CHARLES E. CROCKER
President, Rotary Club

Newport, Rhode Island

Needed: Just Plain Good People

I commend H. G. Wells for forthright courage in his answer to the query *Are Educators Keeping Pace?* [symposium-of-the-month, September ROTARIAN], in which he strikes out boldly in analyzing the work being done in elementary teaching. But I confine my approach to his plea for "proper treatment of the property-money conventions suitable for teaching," to the end that "elementary education for the world State" may be made possible.

Mr. Wells challenges educators to take careful stock of their setup in elementary education when he asserts that "nothing but twaddle and nonsense about property, money, or economic control is being handed out to young people throughout the world." And then adds that "no picture of the economic world is given them."

It is revealing to an outsider that these comments come as something of a shock to educational leaders. The ready answer to Mr. Wells is, "It can't be done." Now, if that is the accepted view, then modern educational formulas in democracies must fail to measure up to the pressing demands of the crisis of the ages in economic trends. For unless the child of today gets the clear, sane, true viewpoint on possessions and money—gaining and using them—the world of tomorrow is due for still greater turmoil in social and economic relations. . . .

True, the child cannot take hold of the larger phases of human relations. But the technique must be sought to get into the inner self of youth those motivating forces which largely determine what they will do when they step out

into the areas of life where responsibility begins. . . .

The challenge to live and do for others, to seek not alone our own good, but the good of others as well, is not too vague a concept for the child mind. If we would extend the demand of Mr. Wells further, we would aver that the child should take out of the elementary years the well-defined conviction that what the world needs more than anything else for its peace and happiness and a sane, sound economy, with free men of moral mastery, is a society of men and women who are good, just plain good. In this the school shares responsibility with the home and the church.

GEORGE I. WONER, Rotarian

Classification: Commercial Printing
Butler, Pennsylvania

Burges Johnson Comments

Comments by two of your readers in the October ROTARIAN on the subject of Dean Stevens' and my educational debate [*Education: Academic or Practical?*, August ROTARIAN] seem to me very much to the point. In fact, I found them more stimulating than the articles by either of us who provided the controversy! I think we were both a bit academic, sounding very much as though we were still in the classroom, with our victims sleeping peacefully in their seats. May I be permitted to add these additional paragraphs to the discussion?

Here in this industrial city, where there has always been an opportunity for boys interested in mechanical and scientific work, the officials of the public-school system have made an interesting discovery during the depression. High-school graduates who have followed a narrow technical course, presumably fitting them for employment in the General Electric Company, have found it most difficult to get other jobs if that great organization happened to have no openings. But those high-school boys who had prepared themselves more broadly, with equal emphasis upon such subjects as English and modern language and history and political science, have found it easier to secure employment. When one door was closed in their faces, they have been able to make an effective appeal at some other kind of doorway. Yet they had enough mechanical and scientific high-school work to make them satisfactory applicants at the General Electric Company had it been able to take on more young men.

When I use the term "a broad liberal training" and urge that as the best possible pattern of a college course, I do not use the words as though I were suggesting something impractical. There is no conflict between a broad and liberal cultivation of the mind and practicality.

BURGES JOHNSON

Union College
Schenectady, New York

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